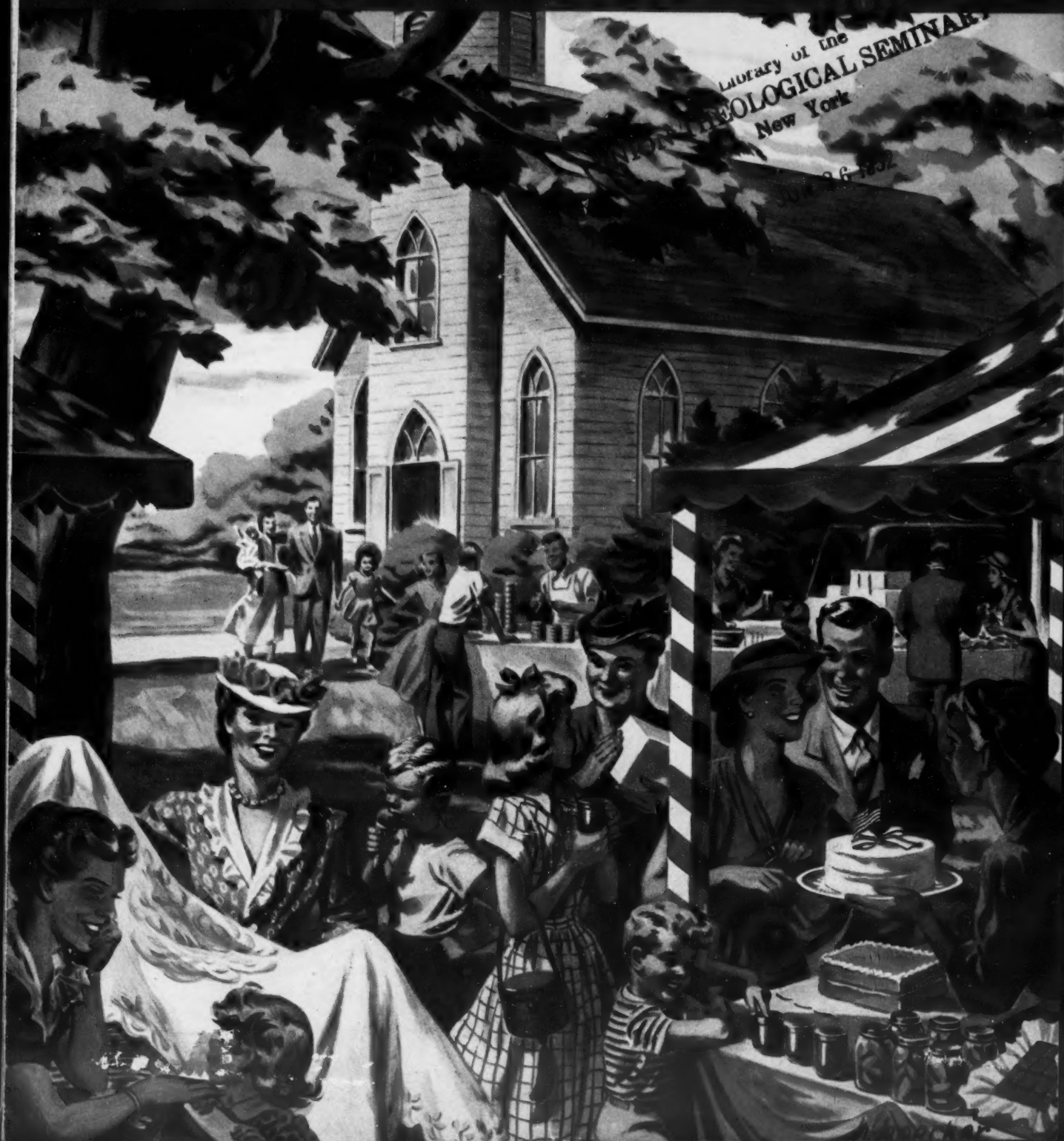
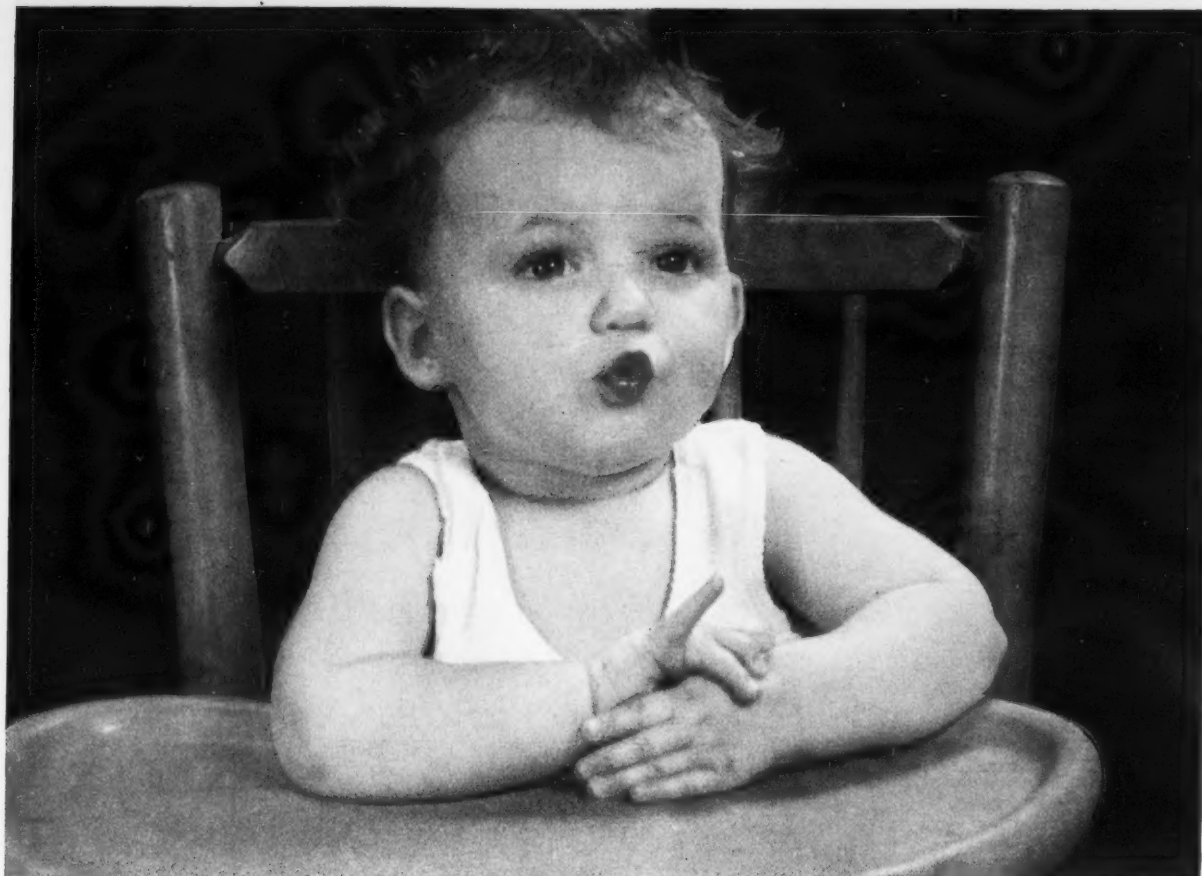


JULY • 1952

Christian Herald





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Christian Herald

DANIEL A. POLING, *Editor*

JULY • 1952

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Cover: Church Lawn Festival. A painting by Hazel Hoecker.

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A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace; the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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COMING NEXT MONTH . . .

VACATION AT TIFFT-TOP: When Mrs. Ruth Tift offered to share her spacious New Hampshire home with two city waifs, she specified, "Send us colored children." What happened the first night, when the little girls waited expectantly for a tuck-in kiss, and on subsequent days and nights, makes for a poignant recital that will bring a happy tear to your eyes.

HOPE FROM FAITH: August brings another cheerful piece from Faith Baldwin's gifted pen—a buoyant appraisal of the blessings of life, past, future and especially present. It's hammock reading by one of America's top writers. Don't miss it!

PARSON WITH MANY HATS: Versatile, dynamic Pastor H. P. Simpson of Mt. Carmel (N.Y.) Baptist Church handles multiple other jobs, from publishing a weekly newspaper to counseling veterans. You'll set your own sails closer to the wind after you've read this compelling picture story.

KEYS TO WORSHIP: Your faith is both revealed and deepened by what author Margaret Fisk calls "the symbolic movements of worship." For example, when you sing "Stand Up for Jesus," stand erect, hold your head high, sing out. LET YOUR ATTITUDES PRAISE HIM will heighten and sharpen your consciousness of the Lord.

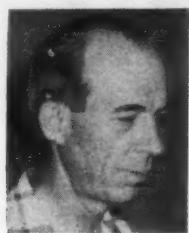
ARE COPS TOO ROUGH? "Public bullies" are what many folks call their policemen. More than a viewer-with-alarm, author J. Alvin Kugelmass studied police behaviour in big and small towns. He asks and answers "WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR COPS?"

KNEEL WHEN YOU BUILD A CHURCH: This is the radiant message of the lead article in our church-building and equipment section. There's a practical-as-dishwater piece on how to improve your church kitchen, another on the why's and wherefore's of air conditioning in God's house and the newest in audio-visual aids.

Plus all the regular departments and features — and many other articles, stories, poems

A among Those Present

Mike Rinehart (*He Preaches With A Pen*, page 24) is Texas-born, Texas-educated, now lives in Waco with his wife



and daughter. Mrs. Rinehart is a graduate of Iowa U. with a Journalism major and she is the severest critic of his magazine pieces. Their daughter "is a beautiful 13-year-old red head with an impetuous disposition

that keeps us both on edge." Mr. Rinehart has been a newspaperman, a teacher, is now advertising director of the Youngblood poultry industries.

He can account for about a hundred published articles. One he wrote for *Printer's Ink* about a year ago, "There's Too Much Profanity in Business," has been reprinted many times and was the basis of a recent piece by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in *Guideposts*.

Kurt Kint made the drawing illustrating *The Boy From Willetsburg*, page 20, 21 and other fresh and sparkling illustrations in recent issues. Kurt recently arrived from Denmark; we practically yanked him off the boat to work for us and we are quite proud of our acquisition. He has a mature talent, but actually he is quite young, 26 to be exact, and with his slender build, bright blue eyes, blond hair and milk-fed complexion, he looks like a teenager.



Born, with his talent, in Copenhagen, he went from a rattle to a drawing pencil and rapidly on to pen and brush. He had little formal training in art and at 17 was already handling assignments. After a few years of this, he got a contract from a big Swedish publisher and worked in Stockholm where he fell in love with a Danish nurse, to whom he is now happily married. Later he invaded Paris, world art center, and sold ninety (yes, 90!) drawings in one batch to a French magazine. He received payment for these right on the spot: a hatful of over-sized francs which made a huge bulge in his pocket. En route to the bank he walked warily, bathed in a cold sweat for fear he would be held up and robbed. And as though selling almost a hundred drawings at one crack was not enough, he turned around and won an assignment to illustrate a serial that ran for forty-two issues!

How, at this point, he could hope for greater success in the U.S.A. escapes us, but he had long wanted to see those gold-paved streets here. So he packed brushes, paints, and "samples" and set sail. Kurt talks English with a slight Oxford accent; says his hobby is his wife and *her* hobby is writing poetry.



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- 1—CHRISTIAN LIFE'S attendance contest covers the six-Sunday period of October 5 to November 9, 1952.
- 2—To insure fairness in comparing results, Sunday schools will be classified according to size: Class A schools—average attendance of 800 or more for the fifty-two Sundays from October 7, 1951 through September 28, 1952; Class B schools—



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Award includes meals, hotels, plane fare, lectures, insurance and guided tours.

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- 1—"On-the-spot" research in France, Italy, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Greece, Switzerland and England.
- 2—Graduate study in Church History, World Missions, New Testament Archaeology—on graduate seminary level.
- 3—1952 Accompanying professors—Dean John A. Huffman, Dr. Carl F. H. Henry, Dr. Edward J. Young, Dr. Arnold Carl Schultz.
A comparable staff in 1953.

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TOTAL PRIZES

average attendance of 500 to 799 for the same period; Class C schools—average attendance of 250 to 499; Class D schools—average attendance of 100 to 249; Class E schools—average attendance of 25 to 99.

- 3—Judges will score entries on the following basis: 50% of the total . . . percentage increase in average attendance for the six contest Sundays in 1952 over average Sunday attendance from October 7, 1951 through September 28, 1952. 50% of total—initiative and effort displayed before and during the course of the contest.
- 4—Contest entries must be postmarked before midnight of December 31, 1952 and become the property of CHRISTIAN LIFE magazine.
- 5—Decisions of the Judges will be final.

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✓ Complete list of prizes
will be mailed to you
with entry forms.



CHRISTIAN LIFE
434 S. Wabash Avenue
Chicago 5, Illinois

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☐ In order that all our teachers might be kept informed about the contest, please enter our group subscription of 5 or more copies of Christian Life mailed to one address at the special price of only \$2.00 per year per subscription (Single subscription price \$3.00)

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Your Office in Church _____



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DR. POLING



answers your questions

U. S. and the American Indian

● What do you think of our govern-
ment's repudiation of treaties made
with, and promises made to, our Amer-
ican Indians? In 1835 Congress ratified
a treaty with the Yakimas whereby
Celilo Falls was set aside for fishing
grounds "in perpetuity." Now the
Government proceeds to build a dam
and these fishing rights will be de-
stroyed. What do you think of the
promises made to the Navajo Indians?
Aren't we spending billions to "lift"
peoples overseas and forgetting some
commitments right here at home?

OKLAHOMA

M. S.

I feel just as you feel about the dis-
graceful repudiation of commitments
made to, and treaties made with, our
American Indians. Particularly I am
incensed at what is happening on the
Columbia River where this next dam
project will destroy Celilo Falls. I have
seen Indians fishing there—indeed, I
have fished just below the falls myself.
I am in complete agreement with those
asking this question.

The Moffatt Translation

● What do you think of the Moffatt
translation of the Bible? A neighbor
minister denounces it, saying it de-
stroys the spirit of the Scriptures.

TEXAS

C. L. B.

I read the Moffatt translation of the
Bible and find it helpful. For my per-
sonal and devotional reading, I prefer
the King James, but other versions also
enrich my mind and feed my soul. I
disagree completely with the minister.

Atheism Being Taught?

● Is it a fact that top teachers and
educators in our highest institutions of
learning (such as Yale and Harvard)
are teaching our young men and
women atheism and agnosticism?

CALIFORNIA

J. W. P.

Certainly it is not generally true that
top teachers and educators in our high-
est institutions of learning, such as
Yale and Harvard, are teaching athe-
ism and agnosticism. There are some

teachers, not only in great universities
but in smaller institutions of learning,
too, who are both directly and indi-
rectly moving young people toward
agnosticism and atheism. You and I
and all of us need to be alert to con-
ditions in our schools, but indiscrimi-
nate and general charges are a sign of
weakness, not of strength.

Ministering Spirits

● I lost my only child when he was
four years old. Friends tell me that I
should believe that his spirit is with
me, and there are times when I have
a strong feeling of his nearness. Is it
wrong for me to feel as I do?

INDIANA

E. W.

Definitely not wrong. Hebrews 1:14
reads: "Are they not all ministering
spirits?"

Christ's Picture in Church

● Our minister objects to having the
picture of Christ in our church. He says
it could be a stumbling block to some.
What do you think?

NEW JERSEY

A.G.

I think this minister is sadly mis-
taken. Jesus Christ, Himself, is a "stum-
bling block" to many.

Spurious Letter

● I have discovered in a book belong-
ing to a relative a letter purporting to
have been writing by Christ after His
crucifixion and signed by the Angel
Gabriel. It contains a demand that any
finder immediately publish it, with a
threat of misfortune to follow if this
demand is not heeded. What do you
think I should do? [In this correspond-
ent's letter is a statement of a series of
incidents that the writer feels may be
traceable to her disregard of the warn-
ings concerning the document.]

OHIO

S. C.

By all means, and without a back-
ward look, dismiss the whole idea that
this miserable and entirely spurious
letter has had anything to do with your
misfortunes. The whole thing is a fake
that plays upon superstition.



THESE PRODUCTS=CASH FOR CHURCH GROUPS!



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Meats for Babies,
Meats for Juniors

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Church Help Plan

Painless is a good word for the Church Help Plan.

So very many demands are made on the pocket-books of Christians these days in seemingly endless drives and campaigns and canvasses. The projects are *always* important, and so—Christians give and give. And that's as it should be.

But the Church Help Plan is painless because it costs no one anything but the time it takes to rip a boxtop or label from certain products every family buys and uses every day. Yet, every "box-top" is MONEY . . . money for your church group to do the good Christian things you have wanted to do, but for the lack of funds.

\$500 Extra in Cash Prizes!

**EXTRA
\$500**

In Six CASH Prizes

FIRST PRIZE—\$300

SECOND PRIZE—\$100

THIRD PRIZE—\$50

—and consolation prizes of
\$25—\$15—\$10

CHURCH HELP PLAN

LETTER WRITING CONTEST

Full details included with instructions to all church groups upon enrollment in the Church Help Plan.

PENNIES ADD UP TO DOLLARS—FAST

Look at the products listed above. Many of them are old stand-bys in your home. All of them could be. Just think, if all of the members of your church group buy these products regularly—and their friends, and their friends' friends—how fast your collection of tokens will earn the dollars your church group can use so effectively!

CHURCH HELP PLAN INCOME IS STEADY

Thanks to the manufacturers whose funds make the Church Help Plan possible, all tokens will be redeemed through Christian Herald until December 31, 1952. So church groups can—and do—send in their shipments of tokens as often as they collect \$5 worth. And—think of it—some shipments have been worth as much as \$50. Recently Christian Herald checks have gone to a church group in Everett, Washington, for \$32.16; to Bunkertown, Pa., for \$20.64; to Baltimore, for \$16.47 . . . YOUR GROUP CAN DO EVEN BETTER.

—ENROLL YOUR GROUP TODAY—

Mary Ellis, Director

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD CHURCH HELP PLAN

27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me complete information about your CHURCH HELP PLAN.

Name
(Please print)

Address

City Zone State

Name of Church Address

I am acting for
(Name of Group)

My group has members.



O GOD, keep me for my child's life. Bring me through my hour strong and well for the sake of my baby. Prepare me for real motherhood. Preserve my mind from doubts and worries, and take all fearsome misgivings from me. And God, when the child lies in my arms and draws life from me, and when his eyes look up to mine to learn what this new world is like, I pledge Thee, the child shall find reverence in me, and no fear; truth, and no sham; love, strong as life and death, and no hate, no petulance. God, make my baby love me. I ask no endowments for excellencies for my child, but only that the place of motherhood once given me may never be taken from me. As long as the soul lives that I shall bring forth, let there be in it one secret shrine that shall always be mother's. Give the child a right, clean mind and a warm, free soul. I am myself but Thy little one, O Father. I fold my hands and put them between Thy hands and say, Give me a normal baby and make me a normal mother.—FRANK CRANE (*A Mother's Prayer for the Child to Come*)
From Mrs. Elmer Hanson, Canby, Oregon

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
Is sandwiched in between.
—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I did not know, till 'neath the rod
I passed, how sore I needed God;
In sorrow's night, lo! like a star
I saw His love shine from afar.

I did not know, until above
God called the idol of my love
Beyond the reach of yearning eyes,
How beautiful is Paradise.

—Susie M. Best
From Mrs. Arthur Emmons, Emmons, Minn.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fled by—
The mirth of its December
And the warmth of its July.
—Winthrop Mackworth Praed

Who gives, and hides the giving hand,
Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.
—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

DEMOCRACY means not "I
am as good as you are." but
"You are as good as I am."
—Parker

'Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that strayed away,
In the parable Jesus told—
A grownup sheep that had gone astray
From the ninety and nine in the fold.

Out on the hillside, out in the cold,
'Twas a sheep the Good Shepherd sought;
And back to the flock, safe into the fold.
'Twas a sheep the Good Shepherd brought.

And why for the sheep should we earnestly long
And as earnestly hope and pray?
Because there is danger, if they go wrong,
They will lead the lambs astray.

For the lambs will follow the sheep, you know,
Wherever the sheep may stray.
When the sheep go wrong, it will not be long
Till the lambs are as wrong as they.

And so with the sheep we earnestly plead,
For the sake of the lambs today;
If the sheep are lost, what terrible cost
Some lambs will have to pay.
—Author Unknown
From Mrs. Ralph O. Yantis, Logansport, Ind.

THERE is something finer
than to do right against in-
clination; and that is to have an
inclination to do right. There is
something nobler than reluctant
obedience; that is joyful obedi-
ence. The rank of virtue is not
measured by its disagreeable-
ness, but by its sweetness to the
heart that loves it. The real test
of character is joy. For what
you rejoice in, that you love.
And what you love, that you are
like.—HENRY VAN DYKE
From Hazel L. Powell, Polo, Ill.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot
Is next to thine
Will see it,
And mend his own. —Author Unknown
From Myra T. Maker, Dennis Port, Mass.

Motto for a Home

Lord, enter Thou my home with me,
Until I enter Thine with Thee.
From Mrs. O. Kobler, Sauk Centre, Minn.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell:
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.
—SIR WALTER SCOTT

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author
and your own name. Sorry, no items returned, and no original material used.



For the Wonder of Each Hour...

"For the beauty of the earth," you thank a loving God. But there are thousands of children in underprivileged areas of the city who do not know that the earth is beautiful. Rat-infested slum dwellings are not pretty. Hard-packed, tin-can littered back lots are not lovely. Oven-hot streets call for no hymn of grateful praise. The hours hold no wonder for a tenement child. At "Mont Lawn" it is different. From acres of green lawn, a child can see for miles down the valley, across the Hudson River, on to distant hills . . . and years. The big things are there to catch the imagination of boys and girls—mountains, forests, the blue sky with its clouds by day and stars by night. The small things of Nature are there too—the hopping and buzzing and flying things that show, each in its way, the infinite skill of a Creator. At "Mont Lawn" there are abundant wonders in sky and earth, wonders that make of every moment an exciting adventure.

You who have seen the stars, felt clean free winds, loved God for as long as you can remember—you may share these wonders with a child. Summer is here. Flowers are blooming at "Mont Lawn." Wildlife is scurrying in the woods and the grass. And in the stifling city are the waiting children. Will you share your song with them?

\$15

will give a child two weeks at "Mont Lawn."

\$50

brings four children for two weeks.

\$500

endows a cot in perpetuity.

JULY 1952

Christian Herald Children's Home
Business Office: 27 East 39th Street
New York 16, N. Y.



Yes. I want children to have their chance to see the beauty of the earth, the glories of our Father's world. I am enclosing \$.....
Use it prayerfully to make God real to little ones.

Name.....

Address

☐ Tell me how I can make a memorial gift in memory of a loved one.

● AT HOME ●

SEAMS: Not even Mr. Taft wants to throw out, bag and baggage, the Mutual Security Aid program. U. S. foreign policy differences are mostly differences of "How far?"—not "Which way?" On that score, the U. S. is more united than most countries. Look at Britain. Ours is a drawing-room discussion compared with that mortal combat. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee disagree—that we can understand. But so do Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan—both leaders of the Labor party. Mr. Attlee believes that Russia is a major threat to Britain; to that Mr. Bevan snaps whatever is the British equivalent of "Bosh!" Look at France. General de Gaulle thinks that security demands a strong, independent France; Mr. Pinay thinks that security requires a cooperating France. West Germany's Chancellor Adenauer has worked to bring the Fatherland into the European army; Dr. Schumacher has struggled to keep it out. How much farther apart can you get?

For all the name-calling now, for all the concentrated vituperation to crowd headlines and airwaves from July to November, U. S. seams are in comparatively good shape.

INVESTIGATIONS: The House of Representatives has two more under way. The first will look into "offensive" comic books and magazines—and the investigators will not have to look far. (See "Smut on Our Newsstands," May '52.) The second current investigation is aimed at television. Rep. Gathings (D., Ark.), who introduced the two resolutions, pointed to TV's "improper emphasis" on crime, violence and corruption. He wasn't talking off the cuff. He had facts to quote, and they were startling. In Los Angeles, a crew of checkers took a tight grip on their reflexes and sat down in front of television sets from 6 to 9 p.m., every day for a week. They wanted to know exactly the diet TV was feeding youngsters. They found out. The menacing menu added up to 91 murders, 7 stage-coach holdups, 3 kidnappings, 10 thefts, 4 burglaries, 2 cases of arson, 2 jailbreaks, and a murder by explosion. All this during hours when children are most likely to be sitting in

front of their TV screens, goggle-eyed.

These investigations a threat to "freedom" of press and speech? So are the Ten Commandments!

DEPENDENCE: This month, fireworks and oratory will memorialize the signing of an immortal document that begins, "When in the course of human events . . ." National independence is a priceless possession, and no American will forget it for an instant. But there is something else we had better not forget—and that is our national dependence. It takes mountains of raw materials to carry on the defense effort and maintain our industrial output. We don't have enough of what it takes. We possess in this country only 33 per cent of the sum total of needed materials. We lack 67 per cent. We have to get what we lack somewhere else. Some of our needs come from countries with high standards of living, upper-crust countries. But 75 per cent of what we need we buy from underprivileged areas of the world. We're that dependent upon "backward" nations who sell us the wherewithal to build refrigerators, washing machines and bombs.

DIMES: If you use a New York subway, you drop a dime in the turnstile slot and push your way into bedlam. In the last year, ninety thousand New Yorkers with Canadian dimes in their pockets thought they were pulling a fast one on the Transport Board. They passed the coins to unsuspecting turnstiles. At the end of the fiscal year, the Board had \$9000 worth of Canadian dimes. Bundling them up carefully, the transport people took them to the bank—and had a last laugh. The dimes were worth not less but *more* than ten cents each! The bank handed over \$9090 for \$9000 worth of money—a ninety-dollar clear profit at the expense of would-be city slickers! This reporter grinned at the story. It did our heart good to see the transportation tables turned so neatly. Then suddenly we stopped grinning. The ninety-dollar dividend spelled out the fact that as of now, a Canadian dollar is worth more in the eyes of the world than a U. S. dollar. The Dominion dime rates better than the piece of silver stamped "E Pluribus Unum" and "In God We Trust." That's not very funny.

GREEN CHRISTMAS: One summer day, the two-year-old daughter of a radio disc jockey asked him, "What is Christmas?" She had heard her playmates reminiscing, and she was too little to remember what had happened at her house. Bob Poole (Mutual, 3-4 p. m. New York time, Mondays through Fridays) took her on his knee and told her all about Christmas. The telling reminded him of his boyhood back in Stoneville, North Carolina—how Christmas was a family experience so memorable that when something nice happened during the year, his mother would say, "This is just like Christmas all over again." Why not "Christmas all over again," grownup Bob pondered. And three years ago on July 25, halfway between Christmases, Bob scheduled an entire program of Christmas hymns, carols and popular tunes. Now it's a regular July 25 feature. Listeners like it. One wrote, "We can be better neighbors if we keep this feeling of Christmas in our hearts all year round."

Bob Poole has the right idea. There's no good reason why we shouldn't use Christmas music in July or at any other time. For our part, we grow just a bit satiated with carols in December—too much of a muchness! In July—when we have time to sit down and listen and think, when we don't have to rush out to buy a last-minute present or wonder if we've remembered everybody on our Christmas card list—we'd enjoy a musical touch of Christmas. And maybe the listening, the singing, would help us to keep alive the spirit of good will. A night under summer stars can be as holy as any in December—and ought to be.

STATUES: We can get indignant with the best of 'em. In fact, we rather enjoy a good rash of indignation once in a while. Tones up our whole system. And we tried, we honestly did, to get sympathetically indignant when we heard that a group of New Orleans Protestants were wrathful over the erection of a statue of a Catholic missionary on a public parkway. A layman and five clergymen proclaimed that putting a religious statue on public property was a violation of church-state separation. They took it to the local court, which did not share their wrath. The State Supreme Court refused to review the case. Now the six want to take it to the U. S. Supreme Court.

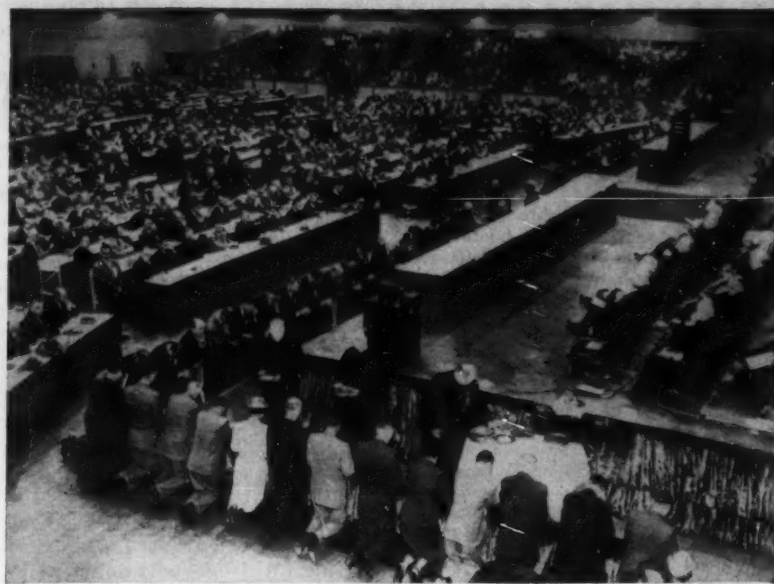
We'll admit that another event in another city helped to cork up our adrenalin. For just about the same time the latest development in the New Orleans story came to our attention, we were reading about a new addition to the Capitol's statuary hall, Washington, D. C. Congress had just accepted from the state of Oregon a statue of the Reverend Jason Lee,

pioneer Methodist missionary in the old Oregon Territory. Oregon's other piece of sculpture (each state is allowed two) will honor one of Brother Lee's co-workers, Dr. John McLoughlin. Jason Lee, by the way, will be the fourth Protestant clergyman to appear, statue-wise, in the Capitol. Others are Roger Williams (Rhode Island Baptist), J. P. C. Muhlenberg (Pennsylvania Lutheran) and Thomas Star King (California Unitarian).

COURIER'S CUES: Four out of every five guns used in crimes in this country are war souvenirs innocently brought home by GIs. . . . If Ike wins in November, watch for Mr. Dulles and/or Mr. Dewey to get Cabinet posts. . . . Between 25 and 28 million Americans are physically handicapped, 11 million with heart trouble, 6 million with arthritis. . . . Mr. Truman is easing out just in time; the next occupant of the White House is to be on the economic down-escalator. . . . Paradox: General Mark Clark, shipped off to Korea, is Europe-experienced; General Ridgway, transferred to Europe, is trained in problems of Far East! . . . Potato scarcity is to ease by July 1. . . . Speaking of spuds, U. S. ate 175 pounds per capita in 1910; now it's 100 pounds. . . . Jet fighter planes that make a pass at each other and miss are 30 seconds later ten miles apart—and new speeds coming up are twice that! . . . Queen Elizabeth II to be crowned June 2 next year. . . . Farmers will take in about as much cash this year as last, but pay out more for non-farm products.

• ABROAD •

BLOCKADE: Two-and-a-half million Berliners grimly remember the tense days of 1948. That winter only the famed Air Lift saved the Western powers from abject capitulation and Germans from starvation. The blockade was touched off by the decision of the Allies to establish a government in West Germany. That government was established, continues to operate. Now the "contractual agreement" with West Germany—near-equivalent of a peace treaty—and again Russia hopes to upset the applecart. Off-and-on restrictions are beginning. The Russians have held up patrol cars on the Autobahn from Helmstedt to Berlin. An Air France commercial plane was attacked in the air corridor that tunnels through the sky for a hundred miles above Soviet Germany to West Berlin. Will the Russians try an all-out 1952 blockade? If they do, our side is in poorer shape than in 1948-49. Then, the rail line to East Berlin ran through our zone of the city. Now, a double-track railroad *by-passes* West Berlin. In May, two of Berlin's largest railway



RNS PHOTO

HOLY COMMUNION: The Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Church opened its sessions at San Francisco with a communion service presided over by Bishop Herbert Welch. 720 delegates from 25 countries attended.

stations closed down, their traffic taken over by an enlarged station in the Soviet zone. By June 28 a new canal will be completed, skirting northwest suburbs, breaking the hold Western powers have had on the East German waterway system.

UNITY: The fuss in Britain ("Seams") is no figure of speech. Mr. Churchill returned to power on a platform of denationalizing steel. It is no small task to unscramble the mess, and it won't happen tomorrow. It won't happen at all if the Conservatives go out of office in the near future, wholly possible. Mr. Churchill could have gone into No. 10 Downing Street with directives flying—but he didn't. He has taken it easy. The *Economist* agrees: "The Tories are certainly exercising moderation in this respect; they are not proposing to alter very much of the mass of legislation that Labor piled up between 1945 and 1951. Yet on each issue that has come up the *Socialists* have said that when they come back to power they will restore every word and comma that the Tories repeal; and they accompany the declaration with threats of reprisals against citizens. (Italics ours.) If a man accepts the laws of the present government, the next government will look upon him as a Quisling!"

And businessmen in the U. S. think they have troubles!

PLAGUE: The UN Food and Agricultural Organization reports that tens of millions of desert locusts are sweeping across East Africa and Asia, the worst

plague in a century. More than 1½ billion acres are infested with locust eggs, potential disaster. Flying in clouds so dense they blot out the sun, locusts can strip hundreds of acres in a matter of hours. The FAO says the plague is menacing the "entire food supply" of fifteen nations, from Egypt to Pakistan. When food is menaced, world security is menaced. The Middle East is already in a state of jitters. India is already ravaged by famine. The FAO points up the peril in these sobering words: "Three-quarters of the world cannot live in safety while one-quarter is starving to death." The FAO has allocated \$500,000 for an extermination campaign, has shipped off technicians and experts to combat this enemy of all men. The United States is the heaviest contributor to FAO funds—we can be proud of it.

CHINA: For 150 years British companies built their commercial empire in China. Britain, conscious of her billion-dollar investment in shipbuilding yards, factories, wharves, warehouses, hotels and houses, tried her best to be sociable with Mao. And Britain was left standing with hand extended while the Communists went blandly on their merry way. British businessmen were obstructed at every turn. The Communists upped taxes, forced merchants to employ more help than needed, made it difficult for Britain's "traveling salesmen" to get in or out of the country, imprisoned management personnel when a company couldn't meet impossible government demands. Britain is fed up. She's call-

A-Millennial? Pre-Millennial? Post-Millennial?

Are you puzzled? Are you bewildered? Is your face turned into paleness at the sight of a world in collapse? Jeremiah says, "Wherefore do I see every man with his hands on his loins, as a woman in travail, and all faces are turned into paleness?" Jer. 30:6.

Are you pre- or are you post? Do you know the difference? Are you prepared for the Atomic Bomb? Are you ready for mass destruction? Is the smash-up of civilization "just around the corner"? Is there a way out?

We think we have the answer; at least we hope it will be the answer, to these questions. We want to send you facts on which you may reach your own conclusions. We want also to show you that the crisis hours of the days ahead require an immediate and intensive gospelization of Israel.

So, if you will send us one dollar, we will mail you promptly the following supplies:-

1. That great scholar, Dr. Frank S. Weston's tract, "Pre or Post Millennialism, Does it Matter Which?"
2. A copy of our tract, "A Tomorrow for the Jews."
3. A copy of "A Modern Missionary to an Ancient People."
4. One year's subscription to THE CHOSEN PEOPLE, our noted Jewish missionary and Bible teaching magazine.

The coupon is below and we shall be thankful if you will fill it out and mail it to us. There is also opportunity for you to make a gift for the world wide work of the American Board of Missions to the Jews. It is a work to which your fellowship is always needed, and a work which will bring to you much personal blessing. Try it once and see for yourself.

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Dear Friends: I long for the coming of the Prince of Peace. Herein I enclose \$1.00: send me your package. I also joyfully enclose \$..... as my fellowship with you in your world-wide Gospel ministry to Israel.

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State

ing home her remaining 120 businessmen (there were 20,000 in 1937) and hopes the Reds will let them go.

Will Britain press for UN membership for Red China, after this?

EVANGELIST: Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, top "truce" negotiator for the UN in Korea, has a new job—superintendent of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. For ten months he listened to the accusations of the Reds—ranging from the ridiculous charge of germ warfare (a tip-off to the Communists' own intentions?), to mistreatment of prisoners at Koje. It looks to us as if there has been mistreatment at Koje, all right—mistreatment of jailers by the jailed! We admire Admiral Joy. He didn't accomplish much, as accomplishments are rated. But he *did* pin down the Communists to one issue: repatriation of war prisoners. He *did* say, "We will *never* forcibly return men to Red rule, who do not want to be returned," stirring the hearts of free men everywhere. He *didn't* get a truce, but neither could any other man who refused to capitulate—or any other man politically straitjacketed from attaining a clear-cut military victory. Admiral Joy himself picked his successor—Major General William K. Harrison, a deeply religious man and lay evangelist. General Harrison preached the Easter sermon at UN advance truce headquarters at Munsan! We don't know whether he will be more successful than the Admiral. But most of us will be encouraged by the fact that a man who is not timid about speaking out publicly for God, is sitting at the conference table.

• CHURCH NEWS •

WHOLE BUSINESS: Yearly we're irked by threadbare resolutions that come out of church conventions: denunciations of sin and an Ambassador to the Vatican. (We happen to be ag'in both, but having said it, we propose to get on to something else.) The General Conference of The Methodist Church, which met at San Francisco recently, said something to stimulate jaded resolution readers. They termed it a "Call to Evangelism." It's a call we all need. Churches tend to forget or becloud their foremost mission, in these complicated days. We're so wrapped up in changing the world that we have no time to work at changing *people*. The General Conference summoned Methodists, and indeed, all of us, "back to Bethel." Delegates declared, "Nothing else we can do is as important as leading men to love and obey Him." Every syllable of the statement glows with burning brands. Other excerpts:

"The whole business of the Church is to save souls. Its entire program has the single goal of bringing persons into Christ-like life. . . . No sermon speaks as it should unless it is evangelistic. No anthem sings as it should unless its voice is redemptive. Let seminaries remember that evangelism is their reason for existence. Let church-related colleges remember that evangelism is their primary task. Let public school teachers, physicians and nurses, lawyers and engineers, scholars and unskilled laborers, housekeepers and businessmen, husbands and wives and families remember that their vocation is to win the world to Christ!"



"GO" SIGNS AT BUS STOPS: In a local drive to increase church attendance, pleas, as above, have been placed at bus stops and other locations in Toledo, Ohio.

RNS PHOTO

RESTRICTED: Egypt's Supreme Court, the Council of State, has ruled that government departments have no right to impose restrictions on the construction of Christian places of worship. The court declared illegal government regulations that for twelve years had prevented the construction of a Coptic Christian church in Port Fuad. The Interior Ministry was directed to pay the church backers \$30,000 in damages, and to reimburse them for all the legal expenses they had incurred in going to court. In 1940, when the Coptic Orthodox Benevolent Society bought land at the northern end of the Suez Canal, some residents of the community objected to the building of a church. The Interior Ministry, which issues Royal Decrees permitting church construction, sided with local citizens. For twelve years the case was in the courts. Now the Council of State rules there is nothing in Egyptian law providing that the construction of a church in a certain locality must be conditional upon the approval of residents of the area. If Egyptian Christians were subjected to the will of neighbors in building a church, the attorney argued, it would restrict their freedom of worship. *This in Moslem Egypt.*

The Michigan Supreme Court has ruled that the First United Presbyterian Church may not build in a residential area of Detroit. The decision grew out of a suit brought by thirteen landowners in the neighborhood where the church was to be constructed. Landowners claimed that the proposed church would "attract parking problems, bring about unnecessary noises, and otherwise upset the privacy of the residences in the area." *This in Christian America.*

BRAHMS: A Miami church has started a tradition which will, according to the news story, *quote*, emphasize the importance of family life and family devotion to religion, *unquote*. Noble motive, if we ever heard one. The pastor is absolutely right when he says, "There are all sorts of forces working against the home. We must stem the disintegration of the family. We feed the baby according to formula, weigh him, pack him with vitamins. We work out insurance policies. We do everything for his physical security. But we're raising a generation of healthy little pagans. Why, there are children eight or ten years old who have never been inside a church or Sunday school!" He thinks that parents who claim they're "waiting to let the child decide on religion for himself," are on the wrong track. We think so, too. We don't wait around to see if the toddler decides to go to public school or stay home. We send him, paddling him right into the classroom, if necessary.

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BAKE... pies, cakes, biscuits, a casserole all at once! They'll rise evenly, brown uniformly every time, in the Air-Flow oven.



BARBECUE... a whole ham, standing rib roast or a pair of chickens in the Bar-B-Kewer meat oven. Here's two-oven convenience!



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Your Estate Range offers you new methods... new flavors... new adventures in cooking

Take the Hide-Away Grid-All, for example, with its special built-in reservoir that drains off hot fats to give you true greaseless grilling for steaks, chops, sandwiches, fruit or vegetable rings. Here's a brand new cooking method built right in! But that's only half of the story. Remove the griddle, slip the Convento-Grate in place and, presto, there's a super-giant burner more than a foot square, for large-vessel cooking.

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EVEN BEGINNERS MAKE \$50-\$100 EASILY**

We will send samples of our new 1952 Christmas cards and gifts. Show them to friends and neighbors—take their orders—and earn up to 100% profit for yourself

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SEND FOR KIT ON APPROVAL AND WATCH THE MONEY ROLL IN!

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Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

ITCH RELIEVED IN A JIFFY or money back

Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. 43¢ trial bottle must satisfy or moneyback. Ask druggist for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

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We don't wait to see if he decides to take his cod liver oil (or whatever the newest-fangled substitute). We give it to him! We don't say, "Do you happen to feel like going to bed now, darling?" When the clock hand points to 7 or 8 or 9, bingo! Up the stairs!

Yep, we go along with that church in Miami on the importance of family devotion to religion. Fine sentiments. We did feel a bit let down when we learned that the church's program for coping with newborn pagans was a red rosebud on the pulpit and Brahms' "Lullaby" played on the organ chimes.

UNIT: For as long as we can remember, congregations have been begging parents to come to Sunday school with their offspring, instead of carting them to church and then hustling home to the Sunday paper. When parents are persuaded to come in with the children, they're shunted off to an adult class, while the boys and girls go to kindergarten, primary or some other department. That kind of an arrangement doesn't do much for family "integration." The only integrating factor is that the family is under the same roof and presumably learning something about the same Book.

Holy Trinity Lutheran Church of Dubuque, Iowa, is trying a new approach, frankly an experiment. Parents and children are to participate in Sunday school as family units. Under the plan, three families with children of the same age group meet together, in the church school. Each member of the family has a project on his own level, but the projects fall within the same general category. (If the children make a cross like the one on which Christ was crucified, parents prepare a map of Jesus' journeys during Holy Week.) In the church school, children and parents discuss their faith, each in the presence of the other. In the home, there is a subject of common interest from week to week; everybody has been in on the topic. Parents know what the child is talking about when he refers to his Sunday-school work. The children see that religion is a part of the life of the parent, for weren't Mother and Dad at the next table?

Seems to us it has more possibilities than rosebuds.

IN BRIEF: During the past 15 years, enrollment in Protestant church elementary schools has increased 61 per cent—from 110,000 pupils to more than 186,000, of which Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod enrolls 100,000. . . . Good quote by Episcopal Bishop Frederick L. Barry: "Communism cannot be overcome by argument alone—it must be outlived." . . . People's Church of Toronto (Oswald J. Smith, pastor) raised \$258,000 for mission



WIDE WORLD

"AMERICAN MOTHER OF 1952" is China-born, 57-year-old Mrs. Toy Len Goon. An active member of First Baptist Church, Portland, Me., Mrs. Goon is greeted by pastor, Rev. George Alden Cole, as daughters Doris, left, and Janet look on. The Mother of the Year has six older children. Her husband died 12 years ago, leaving the care and education of all eight children to her, which she has done by taking over the operation of Mr. Goon's laundry.

work at a 23-day convention. . . . West-over Air Force Base used teams of two for visitation evangelism; in 400 calls, 121 first decisions. . . . Texas Baptists sent a \$1 million check for foreign missions to headquarters. . . . First Presbyterian Church of Burbank, Calif., plans to install a "closed-circuit" television system that will enable members of the congregation seated in overflow rooms to see what is going on at services. . . . Subject of the basic missionary study by Protestant churches during 1953: Africa. . . . The National Council's 25-member headquarters committee recommends that the Council stay in New York for at least a decade, with a second major office in St. Louis or Chicago. . . . Dr. Paul S. Rees was named president of the National Association of Evangelicals. . . . Motion pictures of the work of chaplains are available to church groups from Signal Corps Libraries; write Post Chaplain at nearest Army installation. . . . Southern Baptists this fall will try to bring 2 million "non-resident" members back into the fold. . . . 3,557 Roman Catholics joined Southern Baptist churches in 1951. . . . And by now you know that the U. S. Supreme Court has set its stamp of approval on New York State's system of released time, classes held off school property.

• TEMPERANCE •

BLAME: We've never gone along with the idea that everybody and his brother

are responsible for the misdeeds of a man but that man himself. Not long ago we were reading a bulletin describing classroom cheating in a big university. The guilty students had the wildest excuses for what they did—courses too difficult, study pressure too great—anything and everything but an honest admission of cheating.

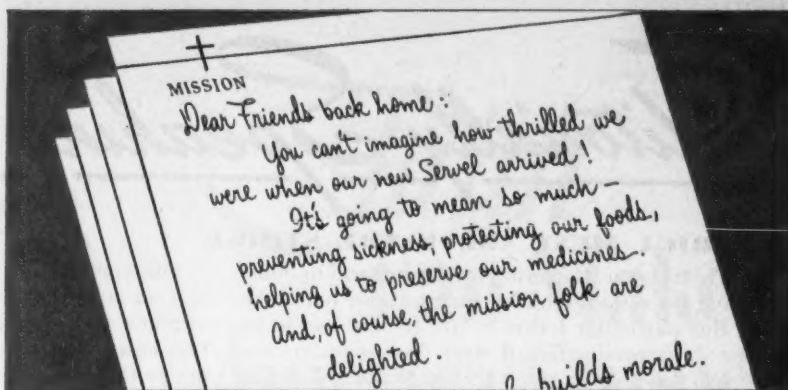
That's the way some people afflicted with the "disease" of alcoholism have regarded their weakness. It's never their fault! Their mother pampered them. Their father was domineering. So they wake up with a hangover today (safely in their own beds, we hope, and not on a jail bunk with blood on their hands and on the fenders of their car!).

Now the American Business Men's Research Foundation blasts the underpinnings from alcoholic buck passing. "Three recognized scientists," the Foundation reports, "Dr. Edwin H. Sutherland, of Indiana University; Dr. H. C. Schroeder, Menard, Illinois; and Dr. C. L. Tordella of Indiana, after weighing the results achieved by 37 different investigations of personality traits involved in alcoholism, concluded that, 'Any kind of personality—happy, sad, extrovert, introvert—can become an alcoholic,' and that 'alcoholism is not determined by or related to generic personality traits.'" Tests just haven't proved that, originally, alcoholics were different from non-alcoholics. "No satisfactory evidence has been discovered that justified a conclusion that persons of one type are more likely to become alcoholics than persons of another type."

Alcoholism doesn't come out of a childhood. It comes out of a bottle.

ABETTING: Over in Huddersfield, England, a bartender who helped a customer into his car was fined 10 pounds for "aiding and abetting" drunken driving. Happened that the police picked up the drunken driver as he drove along the road, obviously doing the kind of steering that makes a bobby want to take a second look and closer sniff. The driver paid a fine of 25 pounds. Then the police went looking for the bartender. "You knew he had too much, yet you helped him into his car," they accused him before the Judge, and the Court agreed.

If we ever got into the "aiding and abetting" field over on this side, convictions might reach into strange places. The liquor industry is indubitably aiding and abetting. Closer home: Voters who don't vote, church people who shut their eyes when they walk down saloon row, motorists who raise no hue and cry over roadside bars that draw their business from people who drink-and-drive—all are guilty. All are aiding and abetting.



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Editorially Speaking...

• AMERICA MUST SOLVE THE STRIKE

I HAVE just been staggering my figures and in doing so have been staggered by them. These particular figures, this particular lesson in arithmetic, has to do with one day's production of steel. Just one day, one day of steel production in the United States, one working day, takes care of 1 aircraft carrier; 2 heavy cruisers; 2 cargo ships; 2 tankers; 500 planes; 500 tanks; 1,000 freight cars; 2,000 trucks; 12,000 automobiles; 2,000 homes; 500,000 3-inch shells; 1,000 anti-aircraft guns; 1,000 howitzers; 2,000 aerial bombs; 20,000 household refrigerators; 20,000 stoves.

I did not get these figures from a book that was current ten years or even one year ago. And certainly I am not competent to produce them off the cuff. They are quoted from the March issue of *Science Digest*.

What a strike of ten days in the steel industry can do to the defense program of this country and to the security of freedom in the world is just too sad and terrible to contemplate. Beyond this—though there is hardly anything beyond *this!*—a strike in steel would affect more men, women and children than any other man-made catastrophe that could be devised. Without prejudicing any case, it is time to write and to unanimously agree that the strike has become the economic enemy of us all. And again without prejudice to any case, any man or any group of men within labor or management responsible for the strike cannot be numbered among the friends of his fellow men.

• "WHAT WILL ARMY LIFE DO TO YOUR SON?"

ONE of the notable CHRISTIAN HERALD articles for any year was "What Will Army Life Do To Your Son?" by Howard Whitman, in last month's issue. There has been so much irresponsible talk and writing, particularly in religious gatherings and in the church press, so many misleading statements concerning life in the armed services today, that this down-to-earth, factual description is both timely and imperative—timely because it gives us a quick coverage of the program itself, and imperative because it places upon the churches a heavy burden of responsibility.

In 1947 we lost a great opportunity, the opportunity to activate a program with moral safeguards and religious guidance for the trainee, never before written into the defense program of this or any other nation. The present Universal Military Training bill, while it supports a principle that is, I believe, vital, is a far cry from the comprehensive plan recommended by the President's Commission in May, 1947.

But Howard Whitman makes clear the fact that the spirit of that earlier report has moved into the armed services everywhere. Today, as in no previous time, the Chiefs of Staff and their subordinates, particularly the chaplains, are giving to young Americans in uniform moral guidance far superior to any of the past.

The right to strike is basic in American freedom. It is an achievement hard-bought and won by extreme sacrifice and fortitude. Having been achieved, it now becomes a first imperative of our national economy to create the program that will make the strike itself both unnecessary and impossible. Surely the best minds and the freest spirits from all groups among us, labor and capital, education and religion, both men and women, are adequate for this imperative. One of the first, if not the first, act of the next national administration should be to create such a free board. Upon recommendations of this board decisions should be made—not to compel, but a program of such a character that its acceptance would be inevitable. Only in America could this result be reasonably hoped for, but this is America.

Near the close of a long-drawn-out strike in the automobile industry I spoke at a youth banquet in Detroit, Michigan. One of the church ladies who served that night told me what that strike had already meant to her family. A daughter in her senior year at a state teachers' college had been compelled to come home and go to work. She would never realize her ambition. Every dollar of the family's savings had been spent and debts had been incurred. She told me that their losses could never be made up, and then she concluded: "If it ever happens again, there would be murder in my heart!"

Yes, America must solve the strike.

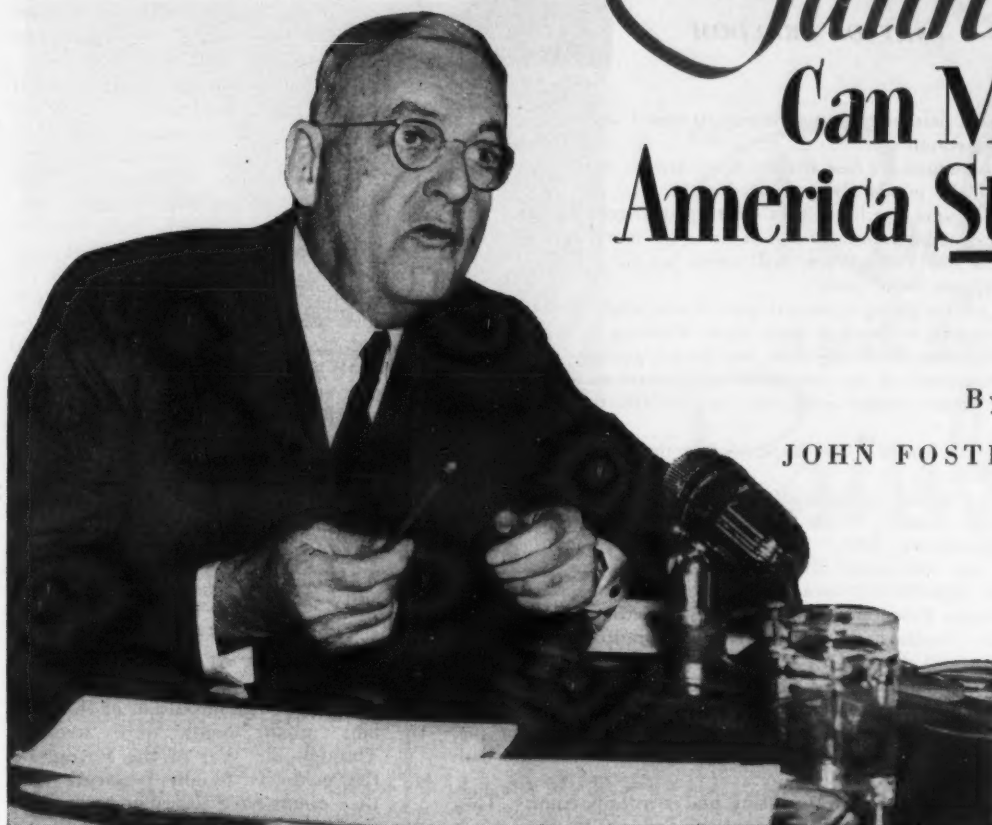
One thing stands clear—it is abundantly clear: Those youth who come into the uniform with basic home and church training almost invariably come out of the uniform better than they were when they went in. This has been true of every man who went from my church into World War II. Today on the Board of Trustees, on the Board of Deacons, on the teaching force of the Sunday school, and on the Ushers Board of that church, are men who served on practically every active front, Pacific and Atlantic. But unfortunately more than half the draftees and enlisted men in all the services come from families unrelated to any church or synagogue of any faith. Critics of Universal Military Training generally overlook this tragic fact. I would much rather have the youth of America under the discipline of the Army, Navy and Air Force, than on the loose through the streets of American cities. In the uniform of their country, tens of thousands of men find discipline, moral guidance and spiritual opportunity for the first time.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

Faith Can Make America Strong

By

JOHN FOSTER DULLES



WIDE WORLD

The architect of our Japanese treaty of reconciliation declares we can gain unity, despite difference, if we major in love of God and neighbor

IN EVERY human society men are prone to differ. That is a good thing, for if everyone thought alike, life would not only be boring, but there would not be the challenge which brings out men's fullest capabilities. That is one reason why we have our Bill of Rights which protects a minority against being compelled to conform to the dictates of the majority. Everyone is entitled to believe what his own reason and conscience dictate and also everyone has a right, by persuasion and example, to try to bring others to agree with him. That makes for a healthy society.

But diversity alone is not enough. It must be contained within a framework of unity. George Washington expressed this in political terms when he transmitted the Constitution to the Congress. He then pointed out that "Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest." The amount to be given up "depends as well on the circumstances as on the objective."

In time of external peril it is necessary for a nation to maximize what unifies, so that differences become minimized. That is why our nation today stands in need of unifying forces, for never before has our peril been so great.

It is one thing, however, to agree that we face peril

which demands unity to meet it. It is another thing to find the right way to get that unity. There are plenty of wrong ways.

Soviet communism, which specializes in achieving conformity, uses primarily a combination of terrorism and propaganda by those in political authority. They liquidate any who are suspected of disagreeing with the official line and they use intensive and all-pervading propaganda to pound and monopolize human minds, so that they become incapable of functioning independently. That is a method which, even in diluted form, we reject.

SOMETIMES a popular majority is so sure of its rightness that it tries to intimidate the minority by the terrorism of mass social and economic pressures. There is always danger that that method may be invoked in a democracy when passions run high. We must be constantly on guard against it, for it is as un-American a way of achieving unity as is official terrorism.

Unity sometimes comes from lethargy on the part of people who, through discouragement or lack of interest, accept automatically what their political leaders tell

J. C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN

OPPORTUNITY—A PART OF FREEDOM



TODAY we have neither time nor money to spend on those who do not support Freedom.

In an economy where men are free, the doors are always open, the shelves always well stocked, the goods always priced right.

But, for too long a time, we have been trusting strangers to watch the shelves, and price the merchandise. Instead of being the merchants, we have been the customers—and I think you will agree we have bought some pretty expensive gadgets these years.

To pay for them we are going to have to put all our productive forces to work; and we are going to have to keep them working as far into the future as any of us can see. Not only that, but we are going to have to be frugal—in the management of our homes, our businesses and our government. We simply cannot—*must not!*—fail in our efforts to keep our freedoms.

We are not only the world's best hope of free men.

We are its *last* hope!

If, as a people, we expect to remain free, we will have to concentrate on three things: Opportunity. Work. Selling.

Let's consider opportunity first:

Three centuries ago, and more, the Pilgrims came to this country in search of economic opportunity—not in search of religious freedom, as so many seem to think. Freedom of religion was something the Pilgrims already had won, as a reading of Governor William Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation will show.

Coming here, the Pilgrims learned that economic opportunity required more of them than they required of it. They found it required of them that they be builders—builders of a nation that would serve not just them, as free men, but a nation that would serve *all*—all who came with them, all who came after them.

They learned there are no half-way resting places in opportunity. They found where there is opportunity the only way to arrive is to keep going. That is what we—you and I—must do. We must keep going—no matter what our disposition to stop and rest, no matter what the hardships and sacrifices, in the building of this nation, the United States of America.

them. That is an unacceptable way of getting unity, particularly at a time when the danger that confronts us has so many aspects that even those most informed and in the highest positions are not clear as to how best to meet the danger. We have been having a so-called "great debate" on foreign policy ever since the armed attack on South Korea aroused us to greater consciousness of the danger, and that sort of debate should go on until there is a consensus of opinion.

It is particularly important that these issues should be debated this year, when national elections give the opportunity to translate the public will into action. The early portents are favorable to such a debate. We can, however, in this matter also draw upon Washington's good advice. In his Farewell Address he spoke of partisan spirit, pointing out that "it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit

for every salutary purpose." The danger, he said, was in excess. "A fire not to be quenched, it demands a universal vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

We can hope that the partisan debate of this year will be "warming" but not "consuming." For an election is not the final end. It is the means to an end which will require us, after the election, to close ranks.

The right way to get the unity we need is not by repressive governmental measures, or by mass social pressures, or by popular indifference. The right way is to build up and emphasize values that we hold in common, so that differences become relatively less important. Without a framework of unity, differences can be dangerous. Within a framework of unity, differences are healthy.

When we seek to identify the frame-

work capable of containing the differences which are healthy, we find that love of God and love of country must be our great dependence. Where these sentiments are universally and sincerely accepted, then we do not have to fear the divisive effect of debates and discussions on policy. Surely our history teaches that.

Our nation became great while it was yet young and small because its institutions and its policies, while the subject of sharp controversy, were deeply influenced by a basic unity of religious thinking. Our founders represented many creeds, but most of them took a spiritual view of the nature of man. They believed in a Divine Creator who had endowed all men with certain unalienable rights. So they provided that those rights would at all times be respected, assuring the sovereignty of man as against the sovereignty of the state. They believed in a moral law and in its concepts of justice, love and righteousness. So they sought civil laws and political institutions which would conform to moral order. They believed that this nation had a mission to help men everywhere to get greater opportunity to be and to do what God designed. So they had a foreign policy that was dynamic.

UNDER the impulsion of those beliefs, great deeds were wrought. Through the War of the Revolution, the colonists fought heroically that they might have the right to use their God-given rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Then, after independence had been won, they carried through the great federating process by which the citizens of the States surrendered some of their states' rights to a central government in order better to secure the blessings of liberty for themselves and their posterity. Then the small republic, once founded, went on to live fearlessly in a world of mighty despots, not hesitating to give moral support to peoples everywhere who were seeking political liberty for themselves.

Gradually we developed here an area of spiritual, intellectual and economic richness, the like of which the world had never seen. We exerted a vast influence throughout the world, not primarily by material power, but because the "Great American Experiment" caught the imagination of the people of the world. Through the activities of missionaries, educators, doctors, merchants and diplomats, American ideals became known everywhere and served to roll back the tide of despotism.

During this period each generation
(Continued on page 45)



"Rody" and his Rainbows

One-half of the fabulous team of Sunday and Rodeheaver is still going strong; "Rody's" rainbows are still brightening corners everywhere . . .

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

IT WAS a hot July day in Kansas — sizzling hot — the kind that makes green corn leaves twist and wither into fodder between sunrise and sunset. The blasting south wind roared in like waves of heat from a furnace.

Yet the crowd that afternoon in 1909 at the Chautauqua Assembly in Winfield, Kansas, sat transfixed. An athletic young man, nimble as a panther and with the fire of a volcano, ranged the platform, pouring out a torrent of words.

I can see him yet—working up a dripping sweat in a few moments, stripping off his coat and flinging it on the piano; next came his collar and tie; then he tore loose the neckband, rolled it back for more air; now he really was in action. For an hour and a half he tore into sin and sinners, portraying the penalty for evil and dramatizing the compassionate love and forgiving spirit of God. People forgot heat, discomfort, forgot even the speaker in the transcending eloquence of the message.

It was Billy Sunday in the beginnings

of his world-wide ministry. It seemed he would explode with the fervor and passion of preaching the Gospel of redemption and salvation.

The crowd was almost as limp as he was when he finished; tensely, too, had exhausted the hearers.

In that moment, a young man with trombone in hand stepped forward. He played a quiet, soothing melody through, then led the throng in singing "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill." It was like a restful hand on a fevered brow. The timing was perfect. When the altar call came for penitents to profess conversion, the "sawdust trail" was filled with earnest seekers.

THE trombonist and song leader was Homer Rodeheaver. It was the first meeting of two who were to form the most famous revival team of the first half of the 20th century. They were to preach and sing to countless millions, and win converts by the hundreds of thousands, to battle the liquor traffic until their very names struck terror to brewers' and distillers' hearts, to stir the nation to a spiritual quickening

that packed the churches, purged cities of corruption, and enthroned Christ in unnumbered thousands of homes across the land. Today, I am told, 500 of their converts preach the Gospel in as many churches.

Winfield, Kansas, claims many cultural and religious advantages, but it probably is proudest of the fact that within its borders Billy and Homer made a "hitch."

BILLY SUNDAY'S amazing transition from champion base runner to champion evangelist came to its majestic climax when, in October, 1935, he gave his last sermon to an overflow crowd at Mishawaka, Indiana. Here the tieup between him and Rodeheaver functioned to the last. After winning a million converts to Christ, Billy knew his magnificent career as a preacher was coming to its end. In those closing days, Rodeheaver had been holding meetings at the Methodist church in Mishawaka; he had to leave before the final Friday meeting, so he invited Billy to take the service

(Continued on page 56)

The **BOY** from *Willetsburg*

His native town had been good to Jim; in fact all he was
he owed to its friendly people. Now they needed him . . .

By ROSEMARY CHILDRESS

JAMES T. THORNE took the last sheet of paper from the drawer and stood up behind his desk. Room 206 in Lincoln High School had three months of silence coming now, for yesterday was the last day of school. Even the shouting was over. It had been a good, full year, his first of teaching. Of course he had instructed Air Corps cadets for two years during the war, before going overseas, but public school teaching was different. You had to win them in another way here. And he had won them. Liked it too, but he would not be here next year. There were greener pastures.

He had feelers out already. Good offers should begin coming in any day. Then after signing a contract, he could relax for the summer. He could wear tee shirts and jeans, fish and swim, and just be Jim Thorne instead of Mr. Thorne, English teacher. Near the end of the summer he and Marion could leave for the new job in time to find a place to live. Teachers were at a premium and he had to think of Marion too. If they were to be married soon, he had to earn more. They could live adequately on a Willetsburg salary, but there was no use in just living adequately when larger schools in wealthier communities were crying for help and willing to pay top-notch salaries for it.

Jim walked around in front of the desk and leaned back against it, crossing his long legs at the ankles and folding his arms over a broad expanse of sport-coated chest. His sharp eyes, dark as his close-cropped hair, scanned the empty seats and remembered each student's expression. Over there had sat little Charles Miller, in freshman English, his eyes drinking in every word, a fourteen-year-old edition of *The Thinker*. Jim had him pegged for a philosopher, sensitive and keenly observant. But Charlie would have to go along under someone else's

tutelage from now on. Jim knew there were many teachers more capable than he anyway.

Turning, he picked up the papers and reference books which were his and walked from the room without looking back. His steps echoed in the deserted corridor, and he hoped for all of them that Lincoln could hire a good teacher to fill his place. A better teacher. Of course they can, he told himself as he emerged from the building into the bright June sunlight.

Striding along the broad campus sidewalk, Jim thought about the sections of concrete beneath his feet. Years ago, when they were laid, names of alumni, by classes, had been put in the blocks for posterity to see. When he reached the bend by the big maple, he stopped and looked down. The Class of 1915. His mother's name was there.

Farther down Jim strode across the Class of 1910 and his father's name. Good old light-hearted Pop, he thought, who went to high school only because Mom had! Then Pop had gone to work in Larkin's Hardware Store and saved enough to build the cottage before they were married. And now they were both gone. His mother had died when Jim was overseas, but his father had been killed years ago in an accident. Jim was in high school at the time, and he remembered how hard the struggle had been and how old Mr. Larkin had given Mom the job Pop had held down so many years.

"You will still go to college, Jim," his mother had said. "Somehow there will be a way."

What a wonderful way, Jim thought, remembering graduation night and Mr. Riley, who was head of the Merchants Association. Jim and his mother had never been so surprised. During commencement exercises Mr. Riley took over the lectern to make the annual awards. Jim would never forget (Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATOR: KURT KINT

Kurt Kint



Jim asked, "But isn't that the way you want it?" as Marion gazed idly at the still water.

What Are You For?



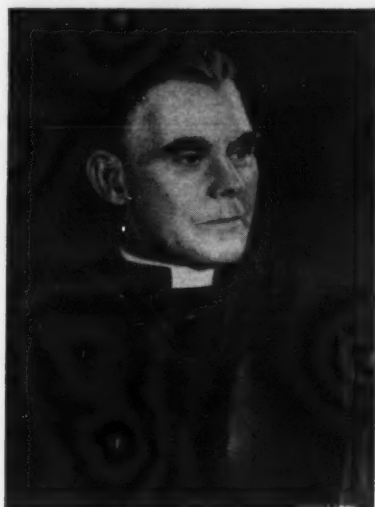
TEXT: "Be ye doers of the word."—JAMES 1:22

By FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS

NEVER were so many against so much. The ranks of the anti's have been augmented to immense proportions. The voice of the denouncer is heard in the land. The seat of the scornful is overcrowded with those who add to the confusion by loudly announcing what they are against. Social, political and ecclesiastical systems are targets for vitriolic billingsgate by agitated opponents. One of the outstanding members of the United States Senate was heard recently to exclaim, after listening to an acrimonious debate freighted with bitter words of opposition: "It would be a poser if someone suddenly confronted those who are so sure of what they are against with the pertinent query, 'What are you for?'"

Of course, as long as there is error and evil in the world there is a place for constructive denunciation; but in the midst of the shouting and the tumult of this volcanic day, when prejudice and passion furnish more heat than light, is it not high time to emphasize that which the ages make perfectly clear, that attack is not half so effective as example, and that, at last, evil is to be overcome, not by more evil, but by good? It is significant that a current radio program by outstanding citizens from all walks of life has the caption, "This I Believe." [See CHRISTIAN HERALD, May, 1952, page 17.] It consists of stirring statements of what the participants are *for*.

Affirmation is ten times stronger than denunciation. A nationally-known religious leader has recently returned from a visit to Europe and Asia where he gazed with sympathetic eyes at its want and woe. Upon his return to this promised land flowing with milk and honey, he declared that everywhere he heard the plaintive question, "What is your America for? We know what she is against; but, tell us, as you see our low levels of living, our chains, our misery, our hunger, our disease—with all her vast resources, what is America for?" That is the piercing question put by the French planter in the popular play "South Pacific." An American general has been seeking for



The author is minister of Foundry Church (Methodist), Washington, D. C. and chaplain of the U.S. Senate.

his friendship and loyalty. Says the planter to the soldier: "I can see what you are against. But what are you for?"

It is not enough to be against all the evil philosophy and lying propaganda of the Kremlin. It is not enough to see "red" every time anywhere in the world communism shows its regimenting hand. The seething world waits for a more positive word from America, for an assurance guaranteed by deeds that for every man under the Stars and Stripes, and that for every man anywhere, under all skies, she is on the side of fundamental human rights, the side of dignity, of justice, of freedom. America will help to destroy the foul growth of communism not just by denunciations concerning the things she is set to deplore, but with the blazing torch of the things she is for.

THE New Testament is a book mostly about the things Jesus was for. One of the choicest experiences life has brought to me was the friendship of one of the most versatile men of the period of World War II, Lord Josiah Stamp, who, though English, was well known and highly esteemed in Amer-

ica. He was a great industrialist, a great economist; but through all and above all, a great Christian. One memorable summer day I sat with him and his lovely family in the typical English garden of their home, near London. Little did any of that intimate circle think that in the supposed safe "shelter" underneath that beautiful home, he, Lady Stamp and their eldest son would meet violent death during the heaviest Nazi blitz. A few days after the tragic end of his useful life there came a letter from him, written just before the blow struck. In it was no word of anger or denunciation because the heritage of centuries was being so ruthlessly destroyed by the Germans. It was a calm, clear statement of what he hoped to do after the war, in building bridges of reconciliation.

SHORTLY before that German raid which was to snuff out his life and that of his dear ones, he gave a radio address. It was not on religion. It was on the standards of money, about which he was an expert. Without any intimation that it was to be so, it was his valedictory to his besieged country and to the stricken world. He closed with this declaration of the things he most steadfastly believed: "Before I finish I would like to say one thing, and it is this. I have not the slightest interest in what I have been talking about tonight, not the slightest interest in this or any scale of values, except it accord with that other scale of values introduced into this planet by Jesus Christ. This is the one and only scale of values which ultimately matters, and which no one can afford to ignore."

With all our parroting of creeds, with all our pious professions, are we actually standing in this torn and tortured world for that scale of values which Jesus Christ represents? That is the acid test. His is the only way out of the muddle, the misery, the murder, of the material and moral catastrophe which threatens to make this earth an inferno. Hear Him, as He says: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." "He that is not with me is against me."

THE END

CHRISTIAN HERALD



The author fled from Red tyranny.

A DP Looks at America

To the homeless, war-weary souls who come to these shores,
our land holds a dream and a promise. How do we measure up?

By MARY ALEXANDER EMERY

As told to Harriet Rasooli-Sa'eed

DURING the four-and-one-half years since I arrived in this country I have heard people speak often of Displaced Persons. We have not been neglected. But they speak always from only one point of view—the American. How is the DP fitting into the American economic system, the American way of life, the American community?

Nobody has asked how America fits the DP; how America looks to him.

If Americans could look inside one of our hearts and see what goes on there, especially during the first few months, I believe they would be surprised. So I am going to tell you.

I'll begin from the beginning—our arrival. The last few days on that crowded ship were filled with suspense—the suspense of waiting for the fulfillment of a dream that had sometimes mocked us, sometimes sustained us during the agonized years so painfully close behind. Every eye scanned the

horizon constantly for the first glimpse of America, the Dream.

One evening my husband called me to the deck. "Look! It's our New York!" he said, choking. Myriads of lights greeted my eyes, more dazzling than a Christmas tree to the eyes of a child. Suddenly it was difficult to believe that everything was over—the years of war, imprisonment, exile. My husband held me close, and I could hear the pounding of his heart.

My mother joined us on the deck, and there we stood, the three of us, all that remained of two big families after revolutions, purges, and two World Wars. We felt very privileged at that moment.

Early the next morning we formed lines to receive our documents. We had no passports, no credentials of any kind in our hands. Our papers had been given to the ship's officers when we boarded the vessel, and now those precious envelopes were turned over to

the American immigration authorities. Little wonder, then, that all down the line faces were tense.

When it came my turn my voice trembled so that I could hardly speak.

"All right. Take it easy," the immigration officer said.

I didn't know what that meant, but his voice was kindly and reassuring. In no time at all, he handed me those precious, precious papers that permitted me to set foot on the land that was the dream of eight million Displaced Persons. I said a brief prayer. "God bless this country. Keep and guide us, and let us find work."

On the pier, we registered while we awaited our scant belongings.

"When were you born?" the woman at the desk asked me.

"March 15."

"A very unlucky day," she remarked. "Taxpaying day!"

"Does everybody pay taxes in

(Continued on page 50)

Jack Hamm
gave up a highly
successful career as a
commercial cartoonist
to turn out these
spiritual messages.

They are his
Kingdom work.

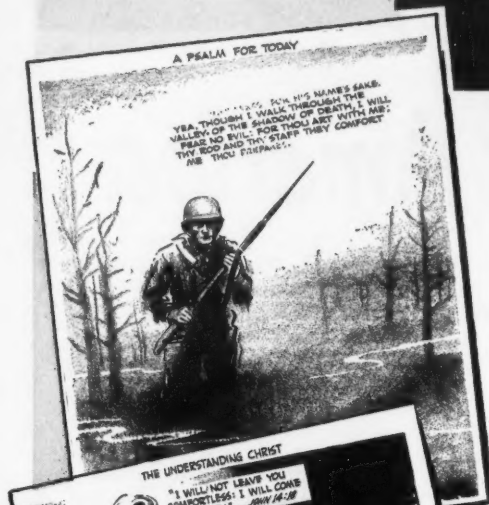


JACK HAMM'S wife stacked the last of the one hundred and fifty bulky envelopes on the dining-room table and looked quizzically at her husband.

The envelopes contained religious cartoons scheduled to go the next day to newspapers all over the country. They represented Jack's personal ministry, his talented conquest of godlessness—plus a considerable financial investment. That spring night in 1951 the whole project teetered on the **brink** of sudden liquidation.

Doris jogged the envelopes into a neat pile while Jack sat deep in his chair and asked dryly, "How's your faith holding out? It'll take plenty of it to get these in the mail."

He was broke; he didn't even have pennies for postage. And



He Preaches with a Pen



By MIKE RINEHART

deadlines were no respecter of a financial crisis, however temporary.

A few months before, Jack had started his pen-and-ink evangelistic crusade, furnishing free of charge weekly cartoon mats carrying a brief but inspiring Christian message to any newspaper or magazine agreeing to publish them. The expenses ran to \$100 a week.

Jack looked at the stack of envelopes. The mats were made, the envelopes were sealed and ready to go but for postage. "For the want of a horseshoe nail—" he mused.

From a practical point of view, he supposed he should throw over the whole thing. His earnings as professor of art at Baylor University were typical of the salaries of all college professors. To supplement his income, he was doing a weekly television chalk-talk program over a Houston station, rated among the top locally-produced TV shows in the nation. He knew that he could easily earn ten thousand dollars a year as an advertising artist or cartoonist, a field in which he was already nationally known. But he was a lay preacher with an inescapable call to evangelistic work. His cartoons were the happy solution of his vocational conflict. They made it possible for him to use his foremost talent to reach large numbers of people who needed to be reached.

"I think I'll take Tippy for a walk," Jack told Doris. It was nearing midnight and for many years Jack had used the late hour for what he called a "prayer walk." With the

dog at his side, the peace and quietness of the Waco-Texas midnight around him, he felt close to God.

As Jack led the big collie along the streets near his home, he prayed. When he returned an hour later, he told Doris quietly, "We'll send out the cartoons tomorrow."

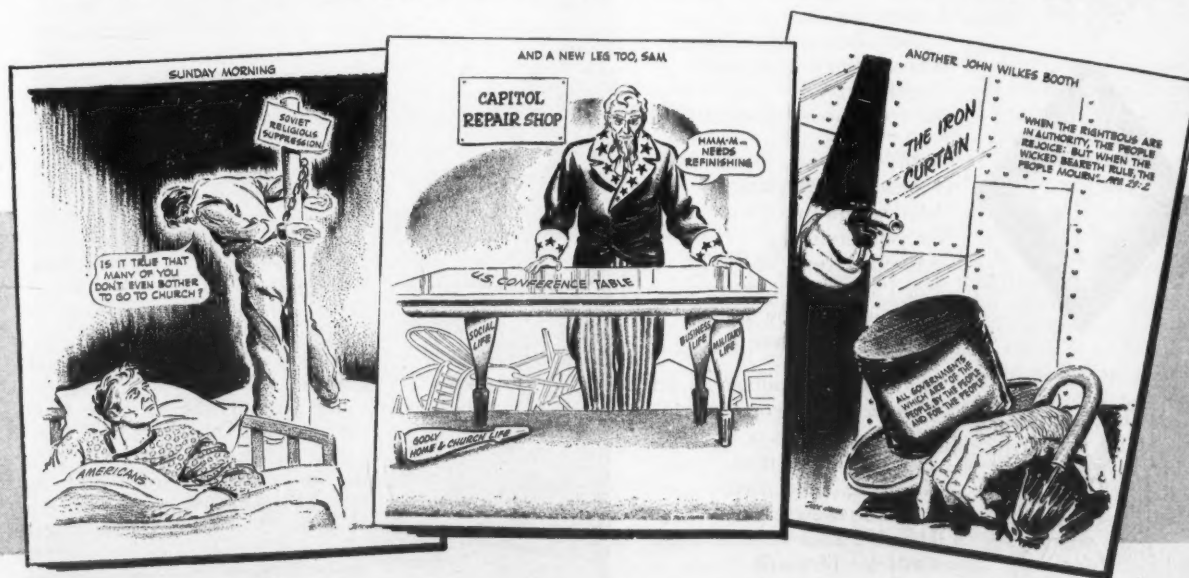
Early the next morning as Jack left the house to go to town, he glanced in the mailbox. There was an envelope, just one—but that one was enough. It held a check for six hundred dollars from a Waco friend. Jack jubilantly rushed downtown to pay off the printer who had turned out his promotion literature. No sooner had he arrived at the plant than he was called to the telephone.

An oil man from Colorado Springs was on the line. "I somehow had the feeling that you might need some money to keep your cartoons going," the man said. "I'm sending you a check for a thousand dollars."

Jack stammered his thanks and hung up the phone.

Call them coincidences if you will, but mark them down as colossal coincidences. They kept the project alive. Today, little more than a year later, Jack Hamm's sermonettes in cartoon form are the most widely read religious cartoons printed. Over three hundred metropolitan newspapers in 42 states, with a combined circulation of over 8,500,000, bring his weekly feature before 25 million readers. It is the only religious message that perhaps two million of these people see.

The cartoons are published in a (Continued on next page)



variety of religious magazines and unexpectedly show up in house organs, trade journals, business papers and in church bulletins all over the world. They are published in English language papers in Canada, Great Britain, South Africa, Australia, and have been interpreted into the Chinese language. The largest American distribution is in the industrial East, where Jack least expected to have any success. One editor of an Eastern daily, after receiving the first series of cartoons, wrote, "Send me fifty sets. I'll go out and see fifty editors and ask every one of them to use these stimulating drawings."

No periodical pays a penny for the cartoons. The money needed comes from Jack's own earnings and from financial aid he receives unsolicited. He has never asked any person for a gift and has at times turned down payments from newspapers; he wants editors to accept the cartoons with no strings attached.

The 35-year-old artist credits his idea for cartoon evangelism to a series of incidents, not a sudden inspiration. An interest in things artistic has been in Jack's blood as long as he can remember. So has the ministry. The latter claim on his life took him to Moody Bible Institute and small pastorates in and around Chicago. When

he couldn't make ends meet and let his drawing talent bail him out, he quickly found himself with a brilliant future as a cartoonist, working on such famous features as Dr. Albert Wiggam's "Let's Explore Your Mind" and a number of strips including "Boots and Her Buddies," "Buck Rogers," "Alley Oop," "Bugs Bunny," and "Red Ryder." At one time he was both writing and drawing "Babe and Horace." When the syndicate asked him to start a detective strip of his own, he saw that he had come to a parting of the ways. On the threshold of popularity, big money, security, he quit—to continue his studies for the ministry.

Lack of funds and a stretch in the Army made inroads on his training; it took him eleven years to finish his education at Baylor. Upon graduation in 1950 he was made a part of the staff.

During his studies and while he was preaching in small churches (none of which paid him more than \$100 a year), Jack developed a chalk-talk sermon in an attempt to stir up interest. He had the unusual ability of being able to draw as fast as he could talk. His audiences sat wide-eyed and he soon had demands for more lectures than he could handle.

That made him wonder. If people liked illustrated lectures so well, why

not cartoons? Thousands of people who would not listen to a sermon would look at a cartoon. Jack remembered a survey showing that less than five percent of the young people of America had any religious inclinations. Young people would read cartoons. But to reach the greatest number of readers, they would have to be in the daily newspapers. Jack believed that out of the multitudes who might be exposed to newspaper cartoons with a religious slant, a few people, at least, would turn to Christ. With a newsprint shortage facing publishers, the cartoons would have to be good—and they would have to be free. If he made a charge, many papers would not be able or willing to use them.

Jack staked his savings on the idea.

FIRST, he drew samples. Then he made a study of what irreligion was doing for America. Armed with a huge portfolio giving a complete presentation of the national problem of moral backsliding and how he proposed to do something about it, he went on a two-thousand-mile swing to interview editors.

He told hard-bitten newspaper men: "If this country is going to recover from the dilemma it is now in, it must get back to God and the Church." Almost every time these men, by profession more aware than most, of the seamy side of life, nodded and agreed, "That's the only way."

Starting with a few newspapers, he pyramided the list into hundreds, and the number continues to grow.

Jack's cartoons are simple but there is skill in every line and curve. The messages are generally based on a particular Bible passage. A number have been run as front-page features on special occasions by some of the largest dailies. Many have been used as the basis of editorials.

One particular cartoon caused Jack some uneasy moments recently. It looked harmless enough—a small boy was trying to persuade his sleeping father to go with him to Sunday school, while an inset showed another father taking his small son to church. Soon after the cartoon was printed, Jack had a call from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"I have something very important to talk to you about," a brusque G-man told him. "I'll be out to see you in a little while."

It was a tense half hour for Jack Hamm. But the agent turned out to be a pleasant-looking young man with a nice smile. "My boss, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, would like to have the original drawing of this cartoon," he said, dis-

(Continued on page 63)

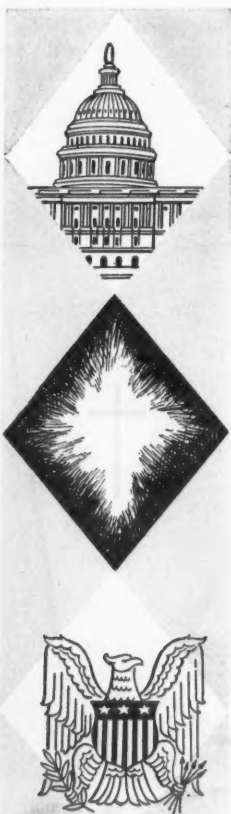
A PRAYER For Guidance in Office

Dear Lord, the people have elected me
To speak for them in things
Of state; to Thee
I come for help . . .
I shall be tempted by
Those men whose god
Is gain; may I
Be true to country, self and Thee!

Stand with me, Lord, each time
I speak, when godless
Men would make a mockery
Of righteousness.
At voting time touch Thou my lips,
For I would not bring shame
Or fear to fellow men—
Nor cast dishonor on Thy name.

And give me courage to defend
The weak; to work to ban
All things that would destroy
The dignity of man.
Knowing, Lord, that
Thou answerest prayer when
Humble knee is bent, I ask these things—but
Only by Thy will. Amen.

—Herman S. Garst





those SATURDAY visits

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ILLUSTRATOR: EARL WINSLOW

MRS. Merriweather found a seat on the train, and settled herself comfortably. She always tried to reach Grand Central in plenty of time so that she could get by a window. Once the train was out of the city, she liked seeing the neat little homes in the suburban towns which stretched along the railway tracks.

It was a Saturday morning, and she was en route to a weekly visit with her married daughter, Carlotta.

Carlotta was Mrs. Harry Stone, and she lived in Dunham. It was not one of the smartest of these handbox communities, and for that Mrs. Merriweather was always grateful. She was a simple soul, content to dwell in a tiny apartment by herself in a most unpretentious village on Long Island.

Carlotta and Harry had been married nearly ten years now, Mrs. Merriweather thought, as the train moved out of the station. Carlotta had hated the Long Island place, and was glad when Harry took her away to Dunham. He was an architect, doing fairly well, and he had ideas beyond a village such as the Merriweathers lived in when he first met the attractive Carlotta.

Mrs. Merriweather had brought with her this morning a small box of cherries for her grandchildren, Junior and Dorothy. She always took them a little present; they got to expect one, and would have been terribly disappointed if she had come without it.

All through the tunnel she thought not of the good dinner she would get, but of her old friend, Mrs. Sharpless, who lived in the apartment below her. Since Carlotta's marriage, she would have been very lonely if it had not been for Mrs. Sharpless. There had not been a day in ten years that they had not met, in the hall or in each other's rooms. They often went to the neighborhood movie. Mrs. Sharpless had a little car, and on good days they often went for a drive. In the late spring and all through the summer Mrs. Merriweather would put up a small lunch on those eventful mornings when they were off for a spin, and they would eat it in some shady nook, and gossip of their daughters, both of whom were now married and lived elsewhere. The new-fangled ways of bringing up children did not appeal to them. Mrs. Sharpless would say: "We didn't have all this talk about calories and vitamins in our day, did we? And we got along just as well." And Mrs. Merriweather would reply: "No, indeed. A lot of nonsense. And they go off to hospitals to have their children. The money they waste! It troubles me. All they think of is their figures."

The train had reached Bronxville, and in a little while Mrs. Merriweather would

(Continued on page 37)

Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Tuesday, July 1

READ PSALM 17:1-8

Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.
—WASHINGTON IRVING

FOR MANY PEOPLE this is the beginning of vacation time. Vacations are opportunities for re-creation as well as recreation. Re-creation means the re-examination of life's goals and the re-discovery of life's divine resources. To this end I am suggesting the devotional study of Psalm 139, called by Professor Elmen A. Leslie the song of "the God-examined life." Vs. 1 of this eloquent psalm removes all doubt that we can ever outwit or hide from the Eternal. Surely, if His eye is on the sparrow, He is watching over us to bless and redeem us.

O Loving Father, ever keep us in Thy providential care. Teach us to seek Thy face and to walk in the light of Thy countenance, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Wednesday, July 2

READ PSALM 94:1-10

No one, my son, is ever far from God.
—MOTHER OF AUGUSTINE

WE SHALL NOT misunderstand Psalm 139:2a if we remember what John Baillie was accustomed to say on beginning his lectures on the "Doctrine of God": "We must remember that in discussing God we cannot talk about Him without His hearing every word we say. We may be able to talk about some of our fellows behind their backs, but God is everywhere, yes, even in this classroom. Therefore, in all of our discussions we must be aware of His infinite presence and talk about Him before His face." There is nothing hid from God, nothing!

O God, who art near us always, we would thank Thee for all the good gifts with which Thou hast filled our lives, and for Thy Son Jesus in whom is our joy and salvation. Amen.

Thursday, July 3

READ PSALM 94:11-23

SIR ERNEST SHACKELTON wrote in his diary: "When I look back at

those days, I have no doubt that Providence guided us." This means that our wisdom lacks perception and depth apart from God who knows all about us and whose knowledge is imparted to us when we submit ourselves to His guiding Spirit. Thus the psalmist in Psalm 139:2b asserts that God *knows* us, even the deep and hidden things of our hearts, not in order to indict and punish us, but in order to prove us, to visit us with inner strength, and to keep us in right paths.

Dear Lord, let us never doubt that having led us thus far, Thou wilt lead us to the end, and that Thou in Thine infinite wisdom knowest better than we ourselves what is well for our souls. Bless and save us. Amen.

Friday, July 4

READ JOB 31:4-14

A faithful friend is a strong defense.

—ANON.

PSALM 139:3 is an excellent verse for this Fourth of July. It reminds us that our fathers in times past were well aware of God's inescapable presence and guiding power. We can afford to ask whether "this nation under God," as Lincoln spoke of our country, would have long endured, to say nothing about having survived its birth pangs if men like George Washington and others had failed to sense the divine destiny by which their struggles were at last crowned with victory and peace. God give us this awareness of ultimate goals today!

God of the nations, be with us yet, lest we forget that our hopes and fears are all known to Thee. Look upon us who kneel in Thy presence and bless us for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Saturday, July 5

READ HEBREWS 4:12-16

IT WAS SOCRATES who confirmed Psalm 139:4, when he said: "The unexamined life is not worth the living." Whether we acknowledge it or not, our lives are an open book before the all-seeing eye of God. Our lives will have meaning, in consequence, to the extent we allow our minds and hearts to come

under the painstaking examination of the Almighty. The tremendous truth is that God understands what we have in us, our capacities and yearnings, and He is able to bring to consciousness the great and imperishable values of our true selves.

Lord and Master, lift us above low aim and false choice, and deliver us from acquiescence to the easy standards of the world about us. Make us strong and give us Thy grace. Amen.

Sunday, July 6

READ PSALM 34:1-8

What can escape the eye of God, all seeing?
—MILTON

TO THE FORWARD and sinful man it may seem wholly undesirable that God is able to keep such a close watch over him as Psalm 139:5 implies. But not so to the righteous man. He has nothing to hide from the enquiring eye of the Lord. In fact he seeks God's presence in order to walk in light rather than darkness. "When I am operating," said a famous surgeon, "I feel the presence of God so real that I cannot tell where His skill ends and mine begins." Thus it will be with us when God "besets" us with His loving presence.

Our waking eyes are fixed upon Thee, O Christ, who art to us as Shepherd, Guide, Saviour, Friend. We are not worthy of all Thy mercies, but Lord, bless and sustain us by Thy power and love, for Thy Name's sake.

Monday, July 7

READ ROMANS 11:30-36

God never forsakes at need the soul that trusts Him indeed.
—G. NEWMARK

IT WAS Francis Quarles who wrote: "In all thy actions, think God sees thee; in all His actions, labor to see Him." It is when we look back upon human experience that we understand most clearly how God's hand has been upon us to bless us. By faith we believed He had been leading us and trusted He knew even before we asked what we had need of and whither we ought to go. To look back and see that "all was

CHRISTIAN HERALD

for the best" under the Almighty's hand is to come to the same experience as the psalmist in Psalm 139:6a: "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me."

O Thou Shepherd of our souls, we pray Thee to keep us from sin and to deliver us from evil. Teach us to delight in truth and righteousness and to serve Thee with gladness, in Thy most precious Name. Amen.

Tuesday, July 8

READ JOB 40:6-14

Providence has at all times been my only dependence. —GEORGE WASHINGTON

I SPOKE previously of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his experiences in the Antarctic. When he returned to England he reported to his king: "Bending above the oars, struggling through the snow, battling across the ranges, *always* there was with us *Another*. He made the difference between triumph and disaster. *He* brought us through." This consciousness of God's unfailing presence was the tremendous glory over-arching everything else achieved on those explorations. It is ever so, according to Psalm 139:6b.

Teach us, gracious Father, to behold Thee at work everywhere in Thy world, to discern Thy goodness in Thy providence and the unsearchable resources of Thy Spirit. Amen.

Wednesday, July 9

READ JEREMIAH 23:23-32

God, veiled in majesty, alone gives light and life to all. —WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

THE PSALMIST voiced one of the greatest truths when he wrote in Psalm 139:7 concerning God's "everywhere-ness." It is said that an atheist once wrote on the blackboard of a school-room, "God is nowhere." Immediately a little girl arose and said, "Oh, sir, that's wrong. It should be 'God is now here.'" That little girl may have been ignorant and untutored in the wisdom of books, but she understood perfectly a truth which is basic to the very nature of God, that He is here and that we cannot go where He is not.

Bow down Thine ear, O Father, and hear us, for we are poor and needy. But Thou art good and ready to forgive, plenteous in mercy and full of compassion. Save us for Jesus' sake.

Thursday, July 10

READ AMOS 9:1-6

PSALM 139:8a begins one of the most colorful passages of Scripture to be found anywhere in the Bible. It portrays the psalmist's conviction that "God is a Spirit," and in the words of Tennyson, that "Spirit with spirit doth

IN KOREA— the boy who can't stop crying

Kang Suk's widowed mother, sitting on her doorway step, called him. Playing across the road from her, he pretended not to hear. He loved his mother but he did not want to stop playing. When she called again, he started toward her. And then it happened—a roar, thunder in his ears, the earth shook and he fell. When he got to his feet again and looked, his mother was gone, his home was gone. There was only smoke and burning debris. Calling, "mother," he stumbled toward her but young as he was, he knew she was in the flames and he could not reach her.

Kang Suk's experiences from then on were much the same as thousands of other children. There was the trudging for mile after mile with the other refugees, all hungry, too. As he grew weaker, he stumbled more and more. But he kept walking and stumbling and—crying. Finally he was picked up

by Operation Kiddie Car and flown with other dirty, ragged, vermin-infested boys and girls to a Christian Children's Fund orphanage on Cheju Island. His teachers, the other children, even food does not interest him much. He seems to want to be alone and he stands by himself and cries. When he is spoken to, he only repeats, "I did not come when my mother called me and now she will not call me anymore."

How much tact, patience and love will it take to cause him to stop crying? And what of the other thousands like him, who lost home and parents and have not been admitted to an orphanage and still are homeless orphans, wandering and starving and freezing in the snow? Such children can be "adopted" by individuals and groups at ten dollars a month. The child will be cared for in a CCF orphanage-school. You will receive the child's name, address, picture and information about the child. You can correspond with the child. You are not obligated to continue the "adoption" beyond a year, unless you should wish to do so. Gifts of any amount are very gratefully accepted.

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meet; nearer art Thou than breathing, closer than hands and feet." He expresses this conviction indirectly by showing how impossible it is to run away from God. How strange that he should think of escaping God by ascending to heaven!

Fit us, O Christ, for all the events that crowd in upon this short pilgrimage which is ours, and teach us to know that Thou art nigh to us when we draw nigh to Thee. Amen.

Friday, July 11

READ PROVERBS 15:1-11

There are no atheists in foxholes or rubber rafts.
—JAMES WHITAKER

OF COURSE we all know, if we know anything, that the French philosopher Pascal was dead right when he said: "I would not seek Thee, unless Thou hadst already found me." If we couple this truth with another, namely that very often the thing we seek to avoid is the thing we wish to find, we will arrive at the solution to the riddle of these words in Psalm 139:8b. Actually the ancient poet is declaring that there is no line of escape from God, for even in hell man discovers he has only run head-on into the awful judgments of the Eternal.

O God, who hast appointed to each of us his work, and now art calling us to serve Thee in newness of life with selfless devotion to Thy Son Jesus, crown our days with peace. Amen.

Saturday, July 12

READ PSALM 55:1-7

Every moment of resistance to temptation is victory.
—FREDERICK W. FABER

I AM INCLINED to think that the psalmist's desire to get away is indicative of our human tendency to "decline life's nominations" and "let George do it." No one questions the feeling of release which comes when we can get away from this fretting turmoil in which we find ourselves frustrated and nigh to death. And yet, Psalm 139:9 reminds us how futile it is to "fly away," to be little more than "a rolling stone," to refuse the challenge to "laugh, and love, and lift."

Dear Lord, let us not be overburdened and weighed down so heavily that we cannot lift our eyes unto Thee, but teach us how to bear one another's burdens, for Thy sake.

Sunday, July 13

READ PSALM 23:1-6

We must follow, not force Providence.
—SHAKESPEARE

HOW MUCH of life can be summarized by the statement that we spend

our days running away from and running back to God! Jonah running away from the Lord's commission to go to Nineveh and preach salvation to that wicked city is as good a picture as any of our modern mania to escape from responsibility. And, in contrast, there is the rich young ruler running to Jesus and asking, "What lack I yet?" Both actions are normal manifestations of our hunger and thirst for God (Psalm 139:10) and both prove that God is not far from any one of us at any time.

O Father of us all, hear us as we thank Thee for our heritage of faith, for the good examples and loyal lives of Thy saints and prophets, chiefest of all for the triumphant life of Thy Son Jesus, in whose Name we pray. Amen.

Monday, July 14

READ JOB 22:1-13

PSALM 139:11 demonstrates one fact clearly, if we read it literally, and it is this: life is full of mystery. To reject something simply because it is concealed in mystery would be stupidity raised to the nth degree. If we wonder how God is able to turn night to day, we need only to look to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. Indeed, Christ is the man of mystery even to those who claim to know Him best. And yet, He comes to every one who believes and dispels the soul's darkness with His transforming light.

O Christ of the seamless robe, grant that the sick and halt, the wounded and afflicted, the weary and the sad, the lonely and the desolate may this day walk in Thy redeeming light and be saved. Amen.

Tuesday, July 15

READ JOB 34:22-32

Light is the symbol of truth.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

IT WAS THE POET Bryant who affirmed this declaration of Psalm 139:12a when he wrote: "Truth crushed to earth will rise again; the eternal years of God are hers." Every man who learns this lesson for himself is on the way to great purpose and enduring values. It is said that Lord Reading, when he was Governor-General of India, had his difficulties in dealing with and understanding Mahatma Gandhi. His comment, however, afterward was: "I do not agree with nor understand all his opinions, but I am a purer man for having met him." So it is when we have walked with God, notwithstanding it has been night about us.

We bow down before Thee in contrition, O Father, because in Thy pres-

ence we sense our unworthiness and are made conscious of our transgressions. Forgive us, for Jesus' sake.

Wednesday, July 16

READ I JOHN 1:1-7

The Lord shall be thine everlasting light.
—ISAIAH

THE PSALMIST speaks in Psalm 139: 12b in profound paradox, much as Jesus Himself did. Truth, after all, can never be adequately set forth except in paradox. Like a coin, truth has two sides to it, and to deal with one side only is to be a purveyor of half-truths, than which nothing is more to be condemned. Thus it is that the Scriptures are filled with paradoxes, and unless we recognize them as such we shall miss what God would have us understand. In this instance it is that God sees and knows all about us, our sorrows as well as our joys.

O God, our Father, we come before Thee not in the proud vaunting of our spirits, nor in the pomp and circumstance of earthly vanity, but with humility and contrition. Lift us up by faith in Thy Son, and for His sake, we pray. Amen.

Thursday, July 17

READ PSALM 119:73-80

We find in life exactly what we put into it.
—EMERSON

THE THOUGHT in Psalm 139:13 is that God knows him (the psalmist) because He created him; indeed, He knew him before the psalmist began to take form. It is a thought worth pondering, if for no other reason than to impress upon our finite minds the majesty and infinity of God, as well as His unlimited providence and the fullness of His divine love. Surely with the Lord there is not only mercy but plenteous creative power.

Gracious God, Thou who dost direct our paths and bring us day by day into closer harmony with Thy holy purposes, we lift up our voices in humble petition for strength and knowledge to serve Thee as we ought, in Jesus' Name. Amen.

Friday, July 18

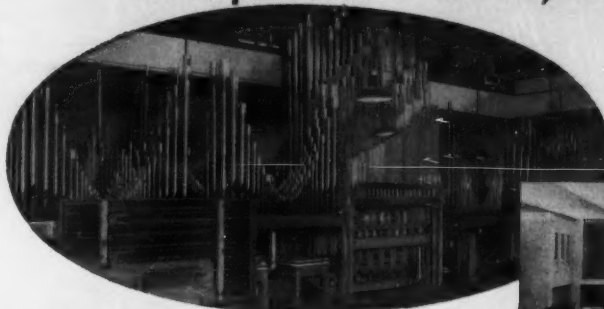
READ JOB 10:1-12

Life develops from within.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WHO CAN POSSIBLY DENY that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made"? (Psalm 139:14a). Edmund A. Brasset in "A Doctor's Pilgrimage" tells his reactions when he began the study of man's brain, "the most complicated mechanism known to man. Viewed directly with the naked eye, the brain
(Continued on page 40)

The WICKS ORGAN guarantees unsurpassed BEAUTY of TONE



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For sample plates and details, write:

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Blades Methodist Church
Blades, Delaware

A member writes: "We sold the plates and invested the money in shrubbery for the church yard. We again are thankful for the plates that

Write for special offer for those ordering plates during July and August for pre-Christmas delivery. Christmas delivery.

Woman's Place
IN THE CHURCH
EDITED BY *Jane Kirk*



LET'S MAKE IT A *Lawn Social!*

TYPICALLY Midwestern is the lawn (or ice-cream) social. In my childhood it was a gala evening on the church lawn with Oriental lanterns bobbing and blinking in the warm midsummer air. You sat at a table with your family under the mysterious dim glow and were served the enormous cone-shaped scoops of ice cream which you ate slowly with a huge wedge of somebody's delicious cake. Every so often the cake plate would be passed again, and the grown-ups would sample other kinds.

Ice cream and home-made cake are still center attractions at lawn socials, but how these fetes have changed! Take as an example the popular social given each summer on the spacious lawns of Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Davenport, Iowa. Looking like a bit of Old England, this vine-covered stone church stands in the center of an entire city block. Strings of colored

electric lights have replaced the Japanese lanterns of by-gone years. Music from a loudspeaker may fill the air; a movie may be in progress in another part of the grounds. Besides ice cream and cake there are other foods to be bought and enjoyed.

For details on how it's all worked out, I discussed the social with Miss Carol Geip, general chairman. Take some tips from her in putting on your social, whether it's your first or an annual event.

Miss Geip's theory: Let everyone do what she likes best. Assign work only if an individual doesn't know what she would like to do. The lawn social is an all-church project in Davenport, and men help right along with the women, wherever needed. Planning and directing, however, should be left to the distaff side.

One man is in charge of concessions, which may be pony rides, outdoor

movies (preferably Westerns) for the teen-agers, and balloons to sell. One year there was even a real merry-go-round on the lawn.

Everybody sells tickets, and the affair is publicized through the church bulletin and posters. The 25c tickets cover only the cost of ice cream and cake. With all the concessions and extra food sold, these represent less than half of the total receipts. Last year 700 tickets were sold.

Extras sold include potato salad, hot dogs, baked beans, soda pop. (An additional \$30 was realized in coffee alone last year.) Every lady in the church was solicited by the various guilds for money donations or food to sell. This year they intend to supplant donations with food cooked right in the church kitchens. Women will be asked to give their time at certain hours on the days of preparation and will cook together at the church. Miss

Geip hopes this will eliminate the difficulty of running out of food before the evening is over, or of having food left over and wasted.

Approximately fifty workers are needed during the evening of the social. Food is arranged for cafeteria service with ice cream at either end of the line-up. Ten people are needed to work in the cafeteria line. Frankfurters are kept piping hot in an electric roaster from which they can be quickly slipped into buns as customers request them. One worker is needed just to keep plenty of relishes on hand for the hot dogs. Church-owned plates, rather than paper ones, which are likely to get soggy, are used for the ice cream. All cakes are cut in advance. There is a grounds committee, consisting of Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts, to keep papers picked up, tables clean, and chairs in place.

Tickets announce 7 to 9 p.m. as the hours for the social, but usually it is 10:30 or 11 before everyone leaves.

When it is over and the receipts totaled, a part of the proceeds is put into a "sinking fund" which goes for buying any additional equipment needed for continuance of the social. Last year they bought a new coffee urn. The Parish Council votes on what to do with the rest of the funds. Often it is designated for some purpose such as the efforts of the young people.

Keeping everything appetizingly sanitary is most important in making outdoor church affairs a success. In planning for next year, have you considered every possible improvement to make things more sanitary and orderly? Organize your workers so that everyone knows exactly what he is supposed to do. Each individual should be responsible for keeping his part in the preparation clean and neat. All workers should be instructed to wash their hands thoroughly with soap and water before coming on duty, just as sanitary codes require of workers in restaurants. Hooks should be placed at intervals out of sight on the serving side of the cafeteria line-up, and damp towels hung there so those who are serving can wipe sticky hands. Try to keep tablecloths from becoming spattered. An oilcloth covering for service tables, which could be wiped off from time to time, would be ideal.

Beside each container of ice cream, set a clean dish of water into which the ice cream scoop can be dipped for ease in serving. This also serves as a sanitary place to rest the scoop when not in use. Refill at intervals with fresh water. Be careful that soiled dishes are not left in odd places or set on the serving tables from which fresh food

(Continued on next page)

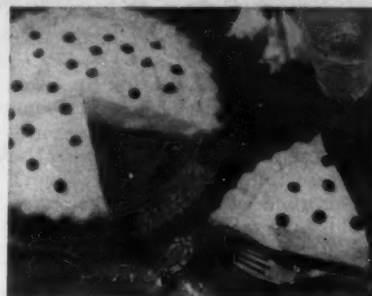
Those Cool, Cool Pies

LUSCIOUS refrigerator pies make fresh-as-a-breeze eating for summer functions. Use quick-and-easy pudding mixes and gelatines, or prepare your favorite custard or chiffon filling. Surprise your group with a new flavorful recipe at its next gathering.

Check your church refrigerator first, to see if there is room to store as many pies as you will need. Then get your committee together and prepare the pies a whole day in advance.

You may line your pie plates with regular pastry, but crusts made of crushed cereals, graham crackers, vanilla or chocolate wafers are best suited to refrigerator pies. These crusts improve by absorbing moisture from the pie filling, while a pastry crust is apt to become soggy.

Graham crackers and cereals—corn, bran or wheat flakes—should be crushed before measuring. Then mix thoroughly with approximately one-fifth as much melted butter or margarine, and press firmly into pie plates. It takes 1 pound 10 ounces of graham crackers to make crust for six pies, or 4 pounds to make crusts for 15 pies. Some of this may be sprinkled over the



Polka-dot pie has pastry crust, chocolate filling, whipped cream meringue.

pie tops for an appetizing garnish.

When using cookies for crust, it is not necessary to add butter. Crush enough cookies to cover the bottoms of your pie plates, and arrange whole cookies around the sides so that they form a pretty, scalloped border.

Peach season is drawing near, so we've chosen a peach chiffon pie for this month's quantity recipe. Large quantity recipes for the pies illustrated, as well as for other refrigerator pies, may be had for 5c by checking the coupon on page 36.



Use strawberries or raspberries in this chiffon pie with graham cracker crust.



Peach chiffon pie is made with cookie crust and garnished with peach slices.

Large Quantity Recipe File

PEACH CHIFFON PIE

	4 pies	10 pies
Egg yolks, slightly beaten	9 (6 oz.)	22 (15 oz.)
Salt	1½ teaspoon	1¼ teaspoon
Hot water and peach juice	1½ quarts	3¾ quarts
Orange flavored prepared gelatine	13 oz.	2 lbs.
Canned peaches, drained, crushed	1 pint	1¼ quarts
Almond extract	¾ teaspoon	2 teaspoons
Egg whites	9	22
Sugar	8 oz.	1¼ lbs.

Combine egg yolks and salt. Add hot water and peach juice and cook over boiling water 5 to 7 minutes, or until of consistency of soft custard, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; add flavored gelatine and stir until it is dissolved. Add crushed peaches and almond extract. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar gradually, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold up in peaks. Fold into gelatine mixture. Turn into pie shells. Chill until firm. Serve plain or with whipped cream. Garnish with peach slices and chopped almonds.

—Courtesy General Foods Corp.

is being dispensed. Put more workers on the clean-up committee than on the serving committee, so that there will be plenty of hands. Don't just appoint a crew and turn them loose to find things to do. Brief them in advance on their exact duties.

If you live in some part of the country where lawn socials are not common, it might be fun to introduce one—with nostalgic touches of the past. Use Japanese lanterns, for instance; you'll be surprised how pretty they are! You could serve only ice cream and cake, but add some entertainment, such as a barbershop quartet dressed in old-time garb, or a style show with ladies modeling costumes of the Gay '90's.

If home-made ice cream is your feature of the evening, make it while people watch, to add to the fun and interest. Collect a number of ice-cream freezers and set them up on a spe-

cially decorated platform. Have teenage boys in white shirts and caps ready to take turns at cranking. While waiting for their turns the boys can keep busy cracking ice. Ladies in crisp aprons can oversee the operation, preparing the custard for the ice cream, refilling the cylinders, and serving the finished products. Offer some fresh fruit flavors, which are especially delicious in home-made ice cream—banana, pineapple, raspberry, peach, whatever fruits are in season. Serve dishes fresh out of the freezer; you can even charge a fee of ten cents for anyone who wants to lick the dasher!

Another angle would be to use this as a feat of skill, letting spectators try their hand at cranking. Offer a free dish of ice cream to anyone who can crank for a given length of time. Have "store" ice cream on hand to supplement your supply.

CHURCH GARDENING WITH A PURPOSE

IS THERE a part of your church property that is crying out to be beautified? Here are some ideas on gardening, with definite plans for specific areas.

If you have space at the side or rear of your church building, it can be developed into an attractive picnic grove or outdoor meeting place. Such an area should be level and covered with good turf. Shade is needed, but it should not be so dense as to spoil the growth of grass or to keep the ground too moist. A scattered planting of fine shade trees, such as red oaks, maples, or elms, is all that is necessary. To secure the partial privacy that makes such a grove most valuable, use hedges or border plantings of shrubbery. This need not constitute an outlay of money. See for yourselves how many suitable shrubs and trees you can find in nearby woods, that may be had for the trouble of transplanting.

Picnics, lawn socials, pageants and entertainments can be held in such a spot—even church services, in warm weather. An area for games may be added. For the little folk, swings, teeterboards, slides and sand-boxes could be built by the men. Basket ball, volley ball, and tennis courts for older boys and girls and grown-ups will help to make this a rallying point for wholesome good times.

A "Garden of Memory" can be made out of a small space adjoining the church sanctuary. This gives people a lovely place for strolling quietly after church, renewing acquaintances and greeting the minister. If it adjoins a city church, with symmetrical lines and paths of flagstone or cement, the garden may be formal. Or if it is a country church, it may be given an informal treatment, with flowers simply banked on either side of a grassy path. A rosebush in memory of the sweet life of someone's mother, a bed of pansies for thoughts of a friend who passed on, an evergreen tree, as enduring as the influence of the former minister in whose honor it is planted—these would be appropriate features.

Individuals and groups within the church will be interested in taking part in such a garden and contributing to it. But do observe these cautions: 1. See that every new plant conforms to your original plan, so that there will be no crazy-quilt effect about the garden. 2. Locate and develop the garden in such a way that it will not compete with the picture the church building presents, nor interfere with the appearance of the church as a dignified house of worship.

Instead of buying and discarding an

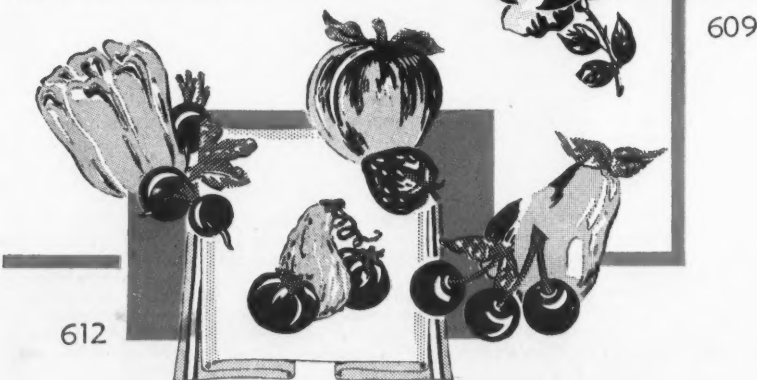


7001. Twenty motifs in color! Wild roses and wood violets in natural hues. Just iron on—quick and easy. Four sets of five motifs $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ to 4×13 inches.

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612. Color in a jiffy! Fruits and vegetables in red, yellow and green to iron on—no embroidery. Thirty-two motifs $1 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ to $3 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Send **TWENTY FIVE CENTS** (in coins) for each pattern to: **CHRISTIAN HERALD #223, Needlecraft Dept., P.O. Box 162, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y.**



expensive evergreen every year, many churches are acquiring growing Christmas trees. Practically every church property can have such a tree. A conical shaped evergreen with rich, dark foliage, one that will grow vigorously, will be best. Place it in the corner of the lawn, or at the side of the church building, but never in the center of the front lawn. At Christmas time it may be decorated with tinsel and lights, drawing attention to the church and adding beauty to the community.

OUR READERS SAY—

SUCH constructive letters arrived in response to my feature, "Quilting Bees for Fellowship and Profit," (March) that I feel portions of them deserve to be quoted:

Mrs. Alma B. Hinkel, Reading, Pa., writes: "I read with much interest your story on quilting bees. The experience of the Ladies Aid Society of the Union Church, Buffalo, Iowa, is so much like ours that I can readily appreciate the love and fellowship that keeps that little group together. We are the Dorcas Society of Calvary Evangelical and Reformed Church of Reading.

"Our society was formed nearly forty-five years ago, and several of the earliest members are still faithful workers. We meet every Wednesday beginning soon after noon. Some of us bring our suppers, and then work on until nine o'clock. Our price for quilting is slightly lower than that of the Union Church Society: one and one-quarter cents per yard. We have an average attendance of 14—half doing quilting and half sewing carpet rags.

"Lately we have been so busy doing quilting for outsiders that we've had no time for piecing for ourselves. There are twenty quilts waiting to be done. But we are not too busy for friendly chatter and good-natured jokes on each other. Last year our society gave \$300 toward our church building fund.

"There is so much wholesome pleasure in our group it remains a mystery to me why the younger people cannot (or will not) become interested in quilting bees. We are finding a relaxing break in our sewing time helpful now: a short worship period at three o'clock with a Scripture passage, a prayer, an inspiring poem and hymns. We begin sewing again with an extra 'lift' and a feeling that what we are doing is in His service, not for our pleasure and profit alone. We send best wishes to the Buffalo society."

Mrs. Flora B. Haight, David City, Nebr., writes: "I was much interested in the article, 'Quilting Bees.' The Women's Society of the First Baptist Church of David City, Nebr., started quilting in the fall of 1926 and is still

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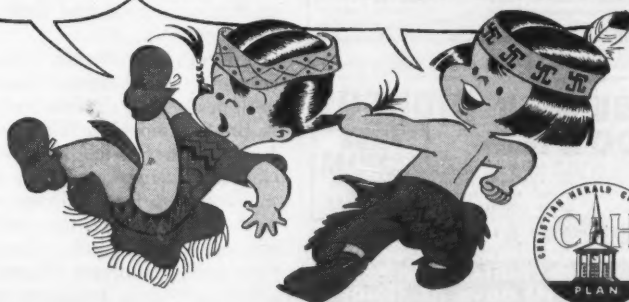
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A Christian Herald CHURCH HELP PLAN Participant—See page 7



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at it. During this time we have turned out some 290 quilts, mostly tops pieced by other people.

"When we first learned to quilt, we had an experienced teacher who insisted the wrong side of the quilt was the test of a good quilter. Every time we rolled, she had us each examine our own work on the under side to see the flaws. If the stitches didn't go through well, or were not so short or so even as on top, we knew we must try to do better. She told us never to take less than three stitches on the needle before pulling it through, and that from five to eight was better. Ten stitches to the inch makes very good quilting.

"We have found that painting our finger tips with clear nail polish helps to protect them from getting tender so quickly. We charge two cents per yard for thread used on quilt. They average about 450 yards per quilt. We charge one dollar for marking. If we finish the edge, there is extra charge."

(Mrs. Haight sent many helpful hints on marking, putting quilts on frames, spreading the cotton, the actual

stitching, as well as how to make quilting frames. Write Jane Kirk, care of **CHRISTIAN HERALD**, if you would like this information.)

Mrs. Belle Draper Steen, Lincoln, Del., writes: "I really enjoyed your article. We were a large family and it seemed Mother was always in the process of piecing or quilting. The younger folks gladly held a quilting bee in order to enjoy a party later, after which light refreshments were served to the jolly crowd. The stitches were not always perfect, but everyone had a good time at our farm home during the long winter evenings, so this article brought many childhood memories."

Mrs. Dessie Mallarnee of Deersville, Ohio, writes: "We read your article on quilting bees with pleasure and also amusement because of the line, 'Is hand quilting becoming a lost art?' In our village live 48 families. We do not have a railroad or telephones, but we are 'live wires' where quilting is concerned. We begin quilting in October and continue one day each week until April. Folks from different states as well as local people send us quilt tops."

BAZAAR ITEM-OF-THE-MONTH

QUAINT and useful, this "Weather-man" kitchen decoration should find a ready market at your bazaar. The white plastic weather cottage is gaily hand-painted. To forecast bad or fair weather, the witch or Hansel and Gretel swings out of the doorways. It really works! Three well-made thick pot holders of bright red print. All ready to hang. You sell it for \$1.98. Special prices for quantity shipments to church groups are \$12 per dozen. Send to Weatherman, Dept. WPH-12, 430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

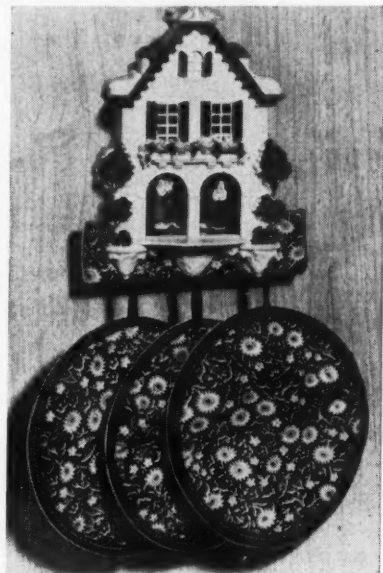
HANDWORK BOOKLETS

Fluffy Ruffles" will delight many with its patterns for crocheting charming ruffled place mats and doilies, window edgings and ruffled aprons for mother, daughter and doll to match. 10c, Book No. 275.

Edgings for sheets, pillow cases, runners, towels, dresser scarves, some with pretty posy designs, may be found in the new booklet, "Crochet for Your Linen Closet," 10c, Book No. 277.

"Centerpieces" is a new booklet of many designs for handsome doilies and table covers. Designs include "baroque," "peacock tails," "grape arbor," "sea shells," "sunburst," "saturn," "floral splendour," and "Indian summer," and one design for knitting needles. 10c, Book No. 276.

Send for any of these booklets to the Spool Cotton Co., 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



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THOSE SATURDAY VISITS

(Continued from page 27)

be at her destination. It was not as much of a thrill today when Dunham came in sight as it used to be, long ago. More and more she had come to like her own little nest, and most of all Mrs. Sharpless. It grew more tiring for her to come by subway to the city, and then there was sometimes worry lest she should miss the train.

Harry was at the station. He always parked in the same place, so that Mrs. Merriweather would have no difficulty in finding him. Only Junior was with him. Usually both children came down to meet their grandmother.

"Is anything the matter with Dorothy?" Mrs. Merriweather inquired, the first greetings over.

"She's got a little cold, so Carlotta thought she'd better not come out today," Harry answered as the car mounted the hill. "Nothing serious."

"I can fix her up," said Mrs. Merriweather. "You don't have to call in that expensive doctor. Have you had him in already?"

"Of course," Harry said.

"Just extravagance, throwing money away," said Mrs. Merriweather. "My simple remedies are the best."

She thought she saw the trace of a frown on Harry's face. "I wouldn't butt in, if I were you, Mother," he said. "Carlotta knows just what to do."

Butt in! He had never used that phrase before. It hurt her. But she kept still, in the back seat with Junior, who had said, right away, "What did you bring, Gramma?"

She showed him the package.

"I hope it's candy," he said.

"No, it's only cherries this time." His hope suddenly annoyed her. Carlotta and Harry weren't bringing up their children in the right way. They should be taught not to say such things.

"I don't think we can take a drive this afternoon," Harry said. "This car needs some fussing over."

She was disappointed. She remembered the last time she had come out; Harry had chosen that day, of all days, to take the car apart, and when it was put together again it was time for her train. Curious how they couldn't arrange their time better.

There was the house, attempting to be just a little different from the others in the row. It had a high chimney, with a fancy iron symbol half-way up its length, and the dideoes on the stucco always annoyed Mrs. Merriweather.

A neighbor's radio was going full-blast as they drove up the gravel path, and she thought of the quiet of her own little place on Long Island and wished she could be back there with Mrs. Sharpless. But these visits had to

be made. They were part of an accepted program, and no deviation would be tolerated. Or would it, she suddenly thought. Maybe they would be glad some day if she said she couldn't come at the scheduled time. Harry and Carlotta had so many young friends, and they never invited them in when Mrs. Merriweather came. They had to sacrifice a great deal when she appeared—not that they had ever said so, in so many words; but they always mentioned the grand times they had with their neighbors on evenings during the week.

MRS. Merriweather asked at once to see Dorothy.

"Oh, she'll be all right," Carlotta said.

"Has she got a temperature?" she wanted to know.

"I don't think so."

"Don't think so? Don't you know?"

Mrs. Merriweather couldn't keep the annoyance out of her voice. She tiptoed to the child's room. One glance, and her trained eye knew that Dorothy was feverish. She went to the medicine cabinet in the bathroom and selected the pills she wanted. Then she bound the child's head, tucked her in, and admonished her to remain quiet.

"When you're better, you can eat the cherries I brought you," said Mrs. Merriweather. Dorothy's only response was a feeble nod of her curly head.

As Mrs. Merriweather went softly out of the room and down the stairs, she could hear Carlotta at the telephone at the bottom of the staircase. Her daughter was saying, "No, Evelyn, we can't come over this afternoon. Mother's here, and Dorothy's got a little cold. Mother'll go back right after supper, I think, and maybe then we could run over." She must have seen Mrs. Merriweather's shadow on the wall, for she changed her tone and cried gaily into the receiver, "Oh, yes! I'm sure that'll be all right," and hung up.

"I couldn't help hearing what you said, Carlotta," Mrs. Merriweather told her as she reached the lowest step. "Now, please don't you and Harry let me interfere with any plans you have. I'll just watch after Dorothy, and take my nap after dinner, and go home on that earlier train."

"Now, Mother, please don't be foolish," her daughter said. "You know I wouldn't have you go back early for the world." But try as she would to put sincerity into her voice, it wasn't there, and Mrs. Merriweather knew it.

Just then a car drove up, and Harry, on the porch, dropped the paper he

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was reading and looked up. "Why, it's Ned Turner," he said through the screen door. "Doesn't he know we can't go anywhere on Saturday afternoons?" he added, turning to his wife inside. Then he saw Mrs. Merriweather; he must have thought she was still upstairs. "I didn't know—" he began, clumsily, but Mrs. Merriweather only smiled.

"Now, please don't worry about me," she said. "I was just telling Carlotta that you mustn't change your plans because I'm here. That makes me feel as if I'm in the way."

"Oh, don't say that," Harry told her. But he was annoyed at having been overheard. "If you don't mind, I'll just run out and speak to Ned."

"Honestly, Carlotta," Mrs. Merriweather said, as Harry left the porch, "I don't see why you shouldn't do what you always do, even when I'm here." There was a big mirror in the hall, and Mrs. Merriweather was suddenly shocked as she saw herself in it. "I'm old," she murmured. "And you and Harry are so young." That was why she felt so comfortable and cozy with Mrs. Sharpless. They could talk of the same things, of the good old days, and laugh at new-fangled notions.

"Now, Mother, you're not going to get mushy, are you?" Carlotta tried to smile.

"No, but I do feel things, and I don't butt in, as Harry said I do, and I—"

"Harry said that, Mother? Why, how could he?"

"Maybe he's right. I don't think you need the doctor any more for Dorothy; but Harry didn't like my saying I could tend her."

"Nonsense! He knows what a good doctor you are—no one knows it better. Why, when Junior came, I couldn't have done without you. Harry knows that."

Junior came up, dragging his toy truck behind him. "There were a lot of worms in those cherries," he said. "Look." He held out a soiled hand. "I wish you'd bring me candy next time, Gramma."

Carlotta only smiled, and her smile seemed to say, "Isn't he cute?" But Mrs. Merriweather knew he was being completely spoiled. She wished Carlotta would say something to him, but she was too wise to suggest it. She thought of the peace of her own little rooms. Junior came over and stood close to her. Outside a neighbor's dog barked excitedly and abruptly Junior turned, brushing against Mrs. Merriweather. The cherry stains on his hand were smeared over her dress.

"Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Merriweather, aghast. "Junior, how could you?"

"Go and wash yourself, Junior," Carlotta said. "Mother, that's just too

bad; but you know how children are."

"I hope I brought *you* up better, Carlotta. Mercy sakes, how can you allow a child of yours to behave that way!" Mrs. Merriweather fluttered from the room to get something to remove the stains, but she feared it would be hopeless.

Harry came in. "Ned wanted us to come over this afternoon," he said to Carlotta. "They've got quite a crowd. Too bad we can't go."

He did not see Junior's dark head peeping through the rail at the top of the stairs.

"You could have told Ned that Dorothy's sick," said Carlotta.

"I did. And I also said your mother was here. He said to bring her along, but I knew he didn't mean it. Old people don't fit in at such parties."

"I suppose not," said Carlotta. "I must go and see if Hilda's basting the roast." She disappeared through a swinging door into the tiny kitchen, and Harry went into the garage to look over the car.

After looking at Dorothy, who was resting comfortably, Mrs. Merriweather went into the room they always gave her. She hadn't been able to get the cherry stains out of her dress, and she thought how strange it was that Carlotta had expressed so little concern over Junior's carelessness. He needed a good spanking.

SHE could hear the sounds Harry was making in the garage, starting and re-starting the car engine. Mrs. Merriweather wondered if little Dorothy would be disturbed. Curious that her father should act like this when he knew the child was ill in bed. They were all so thoughtless of late.

Junior must have heard her go into her room, for he poked his tousled head in, looking behind him cautiously.

"I heard somethin'," he said.

"Oh, Junior, you haven't washed your hands yet," Mrs. Merriweather said, looking down at the soiled fingers.

"Oh, I will. But I heard Papa say he wished they could go over to a party at the Turners' this afternoon, but you're here, an' they can't go. They never go anywhere on Saturday, just because of you."

Mrs. Merriweather looked at him with sad old eyes, knowing he had no idea that he was hurting her. "You mustn't say such things," she told him. "Now run, Junior, and do be quiet, on account of your sister."

"Oh, there's more," he added. "They said you were old, an' old people wasn't wanted at parties."

Mrs. Merriweather could not speak. Suddenly she felt lost in a world of youth and unkindness. This wasn't where she belonged. Somehow she

managed to get Junior out of the room, and she softly closed the door. Maybe she could get through dinner without showing how she felt, though the food would choke her. Maybe there was an even earlier train. Yes, she was sure there was, and she could plead a headache, and get back to her own little rooms and to Mrs. Sharpless.

It was depressing to see Dorothy's vacant chair during dinner. Conversation languished, and in the intervals of silence Junior asked loudly for second helpings.

"Why, Mother, you're not eating anything," Carlotta said, noticing that she hadn't touched the lamb or any of the vegetables.

"I have a terrible headache," Mrs. Merriweather said.

"Oh, that's too bad. I guess you're upset over Dorothy. You must take a good nap after dinner."

"I think I'd better take the early train today," Mrs. Merriweather stated, trying hard to keep the slightest tremble out of her voice.

"Really? Do you feel as bad as all that?"

"Then papa and mama can go out," Junior cried.

"Hush! Do be still, Junior," Carlotta said. Her face flushed.

Harry looked embarrassed.

They managed to get through dessert, but Mrs. Merriweather's appetite had long since gone, and she lived only to catch the 3:21 back to the city. When she had put on her hat, after a farewell visit to Dorothy, her daughter came into her room, and for the first time Mrs. Merriweather noticed how pale Carlotta was.

"I've been awfully stupid and tired today, Mother," Carlotta said to her. "We've all been irritable. But there's a season." She leaned over and whispered something in her ear. And between them there was suddenly a bond that only women know.

MRS. Sharpless had gone out for a short afternoon walk. When she came back, and went to her little apartment, she was surprised to hear Mrs. Merriweather moving about above her. She rushed upstairs, and as soon as the door was opened she cried, "Is anything wrong, my dear?"

"Why, no—nothing at all," answered Mrs. Merriweather, "except what's always the matter with families." And she gave a brisk laugh. With her friend on her threshold and daylight still in the world, she was thinking how good it was to be safely here at home. There was a nice cold snack in the refrigerator which she would share with Mrs.

Sharpless, for her appetite had come back. They looked at each other now with the old affection in their eyes. And Mrs. Merriweather laughed again when she said, drawing the other inside:

"They think they don't need me, Jennie, and I don't like going way over there any more than they like having me, if they but knew it. Funny, how we can't all be honest about such things. I get all worn out traipsing to their house, but they never think of that. Visits shouldn't be paid on a regular schedule—no, indeed. I'm going to give Carlotta and Harry a vacation from me for a while. But they'll be needing me again in November, when the baby comes. Grandmothers come in handy at such times. I ought to know! Come now, let's get ready for our supper. And what's that picture we're going to see?"

It was Mrs. Sharpless' turn to laugh. "Oh, I don't think we should see it, Jennie."

"Why not?" Mrs. Merriweather wanted to know.

"Well, it just happens it's all about the troubles of a suburban family."

They clung together, shaking with mirth.

"Then let's go and see a good Western," said Mrs. Merriweather.

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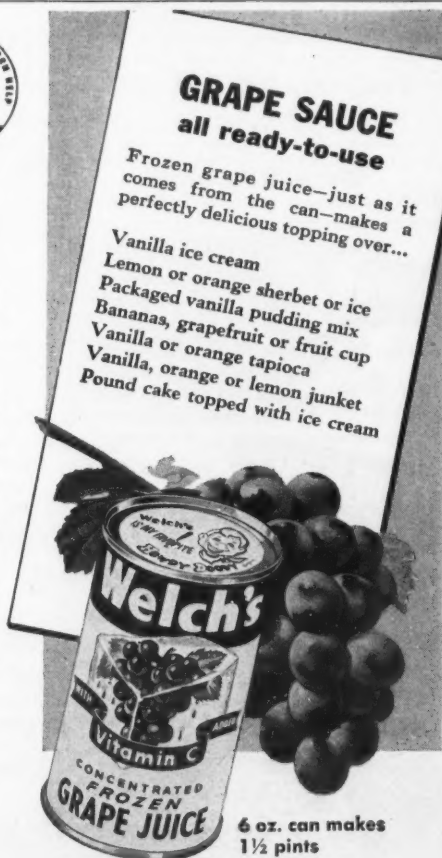
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DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 31)

is a gray-white indeterminate sort of mass. It has no moving parts like the heart or intestines. It has no outstanding features that catch the eye. Yet it is without doubt the most wonderful thing that the eye of man can see."

Open to us, Lord Jesus, the doors of heaven that we may receive the infinite measures of Thy grace. Amen.

Saturday, July 19

READ PSALM 40:1-7

There is no wisdom like frankness.

—DISRAELI

WHEN THE PSALMIST comes to consider his origin and creation by God's almighty hand, he bursts forth into praise. Psalm 139:14b speaks with the ringing conviction of one who is unashamed to acknowledge that he is as nothing before the presence of the Most High. Any parent will understand the psalmist's feeling of awe. Any parent who has held the tiny bundle of life which God has given into his care. How much the soul knows right well after that!

O righteous and eternal God, we reverently ponder the gift of life and Thy wonderful works to the children of men. Forgive us in our pride and self-sufficiency, and fill us with Thy goodness and truth. Amen.

Sunday, July 20

READ ECCLESIASTES 11:1-6

The proper study of mankind is man.

—ALEXANDER POPE

AFTER THE PSALMIST ponders the creative forces that brought his own life into being, he goes on to consider the incredible process by which the Creator molds the tabernacle of flesh and bones within a mother's womb (Psalm 139:15). There is an effective parable here: just as God knew him then and saw him, though he was hidden from the sight of man, so it is with man himself. The real "man" or "inner self" is known and understood by the all-seeing eye of the Eternal, even though to his fellow men he is a mystery and a riddle.

Forgive us, O Lord, that we have failed to rise in glory and honor as Thou intendest when Thou madest us after Thine own image. Help us to be vessels more fit for Thy Spirit, consecrated to Thy service. Amen.

Monday, July 21

READ PSALM 56:1-9

AS THE PSALMIST goes on (Psalm 139:16), he asserts that God sees with

breath-taking foreknowledge everything that he will do, and God sets the record of his deeds in the Book of Life. "How doth God know?" we cry out in utter amazement. Perhaps it is not so important for us to marvel at God's surpassing knowledge as at the fact that He created us with the capacity to aspire after truth and righteousness, to rise above the beasts of the field, to sense the pull and power of the vertical plane, and to know that "our light affliction" is but for a moment.

Forgive us, dear Lord, that people so frequently see only our lesser selves with our moods and tempers, instead of seeing Thee in us. Amen.

Tuesday, July 22

READ PSALM 92:1-8

TOM BLACKBURN in his short story "Lone Hand" reveals something of the psalmist's wonder at God's ways and thoughts (139:17). It is the tale of a Mexican bandit who thought nothing about robbing a bank, double-crossing his partner in crime, kidnapping a peon's attractive wife and fleeing in the process to a mountain hide-out. The peon tracked him to his hideaway and rescued his terrorized wife. To the peon nothing was worth having if he was denied the invisible treasures of the spirit, such as love, joy, peace.

Raise us up, O Spirit of God, that in the hour when we are being tested we may manifest our love of truth and righteousness in such a way as to vouchsafe Thy salvation, through Jesus.

Wednesday, July 23

READ PSALM 90:9-17

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

—EDWARD YOUNG

IN TOM BLACKBURN'S story "Lone Hand" the climax comes when the Mexican bandit falls mortally wounded in the final fracas that ends his ruthless career. He thought the things that counted were the things he could grasp with his two-fisted hands—gold, material riches, the lusts of the flesh. It seemed incredible to him, therefore, when the peon intervened and rescued his wife and the two of them went off, leaving him and his useless gold. Either they were too stupid—or too rich already. In the words of Psalm 139:18a, they were "rich towards God."

O God, as Thou has supplied all our wants, both material and spiritual, and that without our deserving, grant

that we with equal liberality may give of ourselves to bless life about us, for Thy Name's sake. Amen.

Thursday, July 24

READ PSALM 3:1-8

Earth changes, but the soul and God stand sure.

—BROWNING

PSALM 139:18b suggests what we all have experienced, that whether asleep or awake our thoughts are with God. This explains partly the balm of sleep, that it allows God a chance with the confusion of our minds and hearts to bring order out of chaos and to take away the stress and strain of life's busy day. How much stronger we would be if each day we so lived as to feel God's abiding presence! How much happier we would be if each night we reposed not amidst our worries and heartaches but in quiet confidence on God, who redeemeth us!

Forgive us, gracious Father, if too close we lean on Thee, not wanting to lose Thy blessing by losing Thy loving presence. Gird us up with strength, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Friday, July 25

READ ISAIAH 11:1-9

The righteous shall inherit the land.

—PSALM 37:29

CERTAINLY this wonderful God of creation, this infinite God of providence, this majestic God of truth must be on the side of righteous men and against the wicked (Psalm 139:19). It is natural that anyone who loves God as much as this psalmist, would hate the wicked with an intensity as great. We easily fall into this error, failing to distinguish the sinner from his sins. Christ succeeded where we have failed so grievously, and for this reason He was able to reach the publicans and sinners and deliver them from their sins.

In the consciousness of Thy love and goodness, O Saviour of the world, help us to discard the mean, unkind, and unworthy thoughts, attitudes, and actions from our lives. Save us for high and holy things, we beseech Thee. Amen.

Saturday, July 26

READ JUDE 10-16

Expedients are for the hour; principles for the ages. —HENRY WARD BEECHER

IT IS WELL that we make sure of our convictions concerning God; that His ways and thoughts are past finding out and that He stands immovable and eternal. The psalmist was convinced that God had the last word in His dealings with the wicked, but he found comfort and confidence in voicing his

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judgment about their deceitful lies and cunning devices (139:20). After all, it is not a bad thing to be able to recognize the evil-doers that rise up against truth and righteousness. They disguise themselves so effectively that we are apt to be deceived.

Support us, O Lord, in these days wherein we have seen evil and help us to keep our souls alive unto Thee and unspotted by evil desire, false choice, low aim, and spiritual wickedness of any kind, for Jesus's sake.

Sunday, July 27

READ PSALM 31:1-8

PSALM 139:21 can mean much in a creative fashion if we interpret it as applying to a conscience strong and true to do right and spurn evil. It is the lukewarm, halfhearted, neither-hot-nor-cold conscience that brings us to our many experiences of bitter failure. No wonder the writer of Revelation expressed himself so strongly in condemnation of the Laodiceans! They had become so comprised with evil, so much a part of the world, that it was impossible for Christ to transform them.

We especially ask Thee, O Father, to open unto us the treasures of Thy Spirit and to refresh us with the waters of eternal life so that we may prove ourselves valiant in time of testing.

Monday, July 28

READ PSALM 119:153-160

He will easily be content and at peace whose conscience is pure.

—THOMAS A KEMPIS

THERE IS A PLACE for positive conviction both for righteousness and against wickedness, but we must be extremely careful how we manifest our hatred of those who hate God (Psalm 139:22). We must of course hate evil and every evil deed, but we must allow God to execute vengeance and wrath. For us to hate our fellow men is to presume to do what God never does, for God so loved us, sinners as we are in His sight, that He gave His only Son that we might be saved unto everlasting life.

Teach us, O Christ our Redeemer, the joy of self-giving, the secret of loving sacrifice, the victory that comes through bearing one another's burdens. Bless us, we pray. Amen.

Tuesday, July 29

READ PSALM 26:1-12

True religion is the life we live; not the creed we profess.

—J. F. WRIGHT

PSALM 139:23 brings this song on the God-examined life to a transcendent

climax. He asks God to search his soul as thoroughly as He has explored and foreordained his body to the end that he may be purged from all impurity and unrighteousness. It is the natural reaction of the soul that has tried to run away and has found that God is wherever man is. With the same eagerness he now turns back to the unsearchable and inescapable God and asks not merely to be received and forgiven, but to be cleansed.

Gracious God, like the psalmist we too hunger and thirst after Thee and are not satisfied until we spend our money for the living Bread and give ourselves to the service of Christ.

Wednesday, July 30

READ PROVERBS 15:1-9

THE FINAL VERSE, Psalm 139:24, brings to a conclusion one of the most spiritually profound psalms of the Psalter. The concluding petition, expressed by vs. 23 and 24, is voiced by means of five great verbs, verbs suggesting spiritual self-examination on the highest levels of life: "examine" me, "know" me, "try" me, "see" me (as to whether or not there is deceit in me), and "lead" me in the true and living way, the way leading to life and peace, the opposite of the way leading to destruction and an ungodly death. What the psalmist desired, Christ was!

Dear Lord, in whose forgiveness alone we can start clean and new and holy, strengthen and help us for this new day. Help us not to be too busy, too hurried, too fussy, too important. Teach us to be humble in Thy sight.

Thursday, July 31

READ PSALM 143:7-12

He who stops being better stops being good.

—OLIVER CROMWELL

I WONDER if we realize in retrospect how truly Jesus Himself became the fulfillment of the psalmist's prayer. All that he aspired after—a God-examined life, a God-centered purpose, a God-cleansed heart, a God-guided pilgrimage, all this Christ has made possible for as many as believe on His name. His sublime affirmation, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," sums up the Gospel message for each of us in today's war-weary, sin-cursed, evil-minded generation. How great our experience of God if we will repent, believe, and be saved!

Impart to us, O God our King, the vision of Thy love and righteousness and the task of judgment and truth that in newness of life we may serve Thee evermore, through Jesus Christ, the true and living way. Amen.



In the lush green grass at "Mont Lawn," belligerent little Danny found something that taught him to love—and share

Chester Gladstone's Magic

By DALE HAMILTON

CHESTER GLADSTONE sat down, looked once more at "Mont Lawn" and twitched his nose. Chester Gladstone could twitch his nose very well, for he was a rabbit.

And when he had sat for a while and looked out over the white buildings on the slope of Hook Mountain, Chester suddenly turned and bounced into the underbrush, his small white tail looking like a tuft of cotton out of the infirmary's medicine cupboard.

Chester Gladstone had spent the summer working his magic for boys and girls, and now he was ready for a vacation. He had no idea at the time that he was working magic, for he was a very small rabbit. He did nothing more than he supposed any rabbit would do under the circumstances. Just the usual things, like twitching his nose and bobbing his comical tail while

he hopped, and nibbling the leaves that children brought him. But even the usual things are powerful magic for little boys and girls from the slum tenements of the city. . . .

Mr. Bob, one of the counselors, wished for powerful magic the Monday morning Danny Snyder came to camp. Danny was no sooner off the bus than he went racing across the huge green lawn, his shopping bag suitcase banging against his thin bare legs. Mr. Bob corralled the other boys of his group to get them ready for their medical checkup, when he heard a thin wail. Danny had bowled over little Shorty Miller in his exuberant rush.

"He got in my way," Danny said.

Mr. Bob sighed. "Here at 'Mont Lawn,' " he said slowly, "the other per-

son is just as important as you are."

Danny grinned at that. Mr. Bob sure was funny. He ought to be on television. That made Danny think—this was the day for "Mr. Murder."

"Do they have television up here?" he asked.

"There's something better than television here," Mr. Bob said.

"What's that?"

"Hikes and campfires and the swimming pool, things like that," the counselor said.

At supper that evening, Danny pushed his way past two of the other boys to get into the dining hall first. Mr. Bob took him by the arm and led him outside to the driveway, and pointed up. "See that sign? What does it say?"

"Fort Plenty," Danny grumbled.

"That's what it means. There's

ILLUSTRATOR: MITCHELL HOOKS

plenty for everybody. You don't have to push."

The others were singing the grace when they went back in. Danny looked with astonishment at the youngsters standing motionless by the tables heaped with pitchers of milk and platters of bread and dishes of nourishing food. "What are they waitin' for?" he asked aloud. "We don't wait at our house."

That evening in the dormitory, Danny took Shorty's bed. "But I like his better," he told Mr. Bob, who promptly hustled him back to his own cot.

The next day, Danny showed up with a handful of flowers. "Where did you get them?" Mr. Bob demanded.

"Over there," Danny said, pointing to the colorful garden near the big pole flying the American flag.

"But, Danny, if you pick the flowers, nobody else can enjoy them."

Danny buried his nose in the bouquet. "I can smell 'em better this way."

Mr. Bob clenched his teeth and said nothing.

"I'm tired of flowers," Danny announced suddenly. "You can have 'em, Shorty." And he jammed the stems down the neck of the smaller boy's shirt. Shorty swung wildly and Danny stood off and laughed.

"This afternoon," Mr. Bob said, calling Shorty and Danny and the other boys of his group into a huddle, "we can go down to Nature House, or we can go up in the deep grass near the infirmary and learn some things about camping out. Which do you want to do?"

"Camp out!" the boys chorused. All but Danny. "I want to play baseball," he said.

"Majority rules, Danny," Mr. Bob said.

That afternoon, the boys trudged up the hill to the open space just above the infirmary. Danny hung back. At the camp site, Mr. Bob called, "Let's rest a while. You know what's fun? Lying on your back and looking up at the clouds. Let's try it."

Danny obstinately flung himself face down in the deep grass and didn't look up once, not even when one of the boys called out excitedly, "Hey, look! The clouds move!"

Danny, lying face down, his arms under his chin, was hidden from the others. It wouldn't do any harm, he guessed, if he opened his eyes just a little. Lying still as a stone, he opened his eyes—only a crack at first. Then wider. He blinked in the soft light that filtered down through the grass. Then he opened his eyes wide and looked straight ahead. Two small eyes were looking back at him. Danny blinked. Presently the other eyes blinked.

A sudden panic seized Danny. It

looked like a rat. He knew something about rats. They ran all over the tenement back yard, and sometimes even came in the house. A rat had bitten his baby sister one day when she was playing on the floor. This one might bite now, if he moved. Danny's muscles froze. Perspiration ran down his face while he looked back into the sober eyes taking his measure.

"Don't move," a voice said at his elbow, and he heard rustling noises as someone slid down beside him. It was Shorty. There was a bigger rustle, and Shorty exclaimed, "I've got him!"

Danny leaped up. "I'll get a stick!" he yelled. "I'll kill it!"

"No!" Shorty commanded. "It's a rabbit. A baby rabbit! Hey, fellows,"

PARADOX

*Whom sorrow bath not stricken
Cannot stand strong of soul;
The heart that's never broken
Is not completely whole.*

—C. W. Vandenberg

he called. "Look at what we found!"

The others crowded round, and Shorty said, "Danny is the one who really found it. He was here looking at it." Shorty held the tiny animal in his two hands. "I can feel its heart beat," he said triumphantly.

"Can I—can I—hold it?" Danny asked hesitantly.

"Sure. It's yours, isn't it? You found it."

"But I didn't know it was a—" Danny reached for the struggling ball of fur. "Gee, it's little, isn't it? And it's alive, too."

"Can I hold it, Danny?" somebody asked. Danny glared for a moment, then said gruffly, "O.K. Only you have to be real careful. You might hurt him."

"What are you going to call him, Danny?" one of the kids asked. "Danny, huh? After you?"

Danny thought for a moment and then he looked at Shorty. "He's kind of little, like you. What's your real name, Shorty?"

"Chester," Shorty said. "But they always called me Shorty."

"We're not going to go calling any baby rabbit Shorty," Danny said firmly. "The rabbit's name is Chester." He thought for a moment. "Chester Gladstone."

A squeak from the rabbit brought him to attention. "Let me have him! Don't you guys know how to hold a rabbit without hurting him? Anybody who hurts Chester Gladstone—or any other Chester around here—has me to fight. Come on, Shorty," he said. "Let's take him over to the infirmary. Maybe

they can give him something to eat."

And when they tore into the infirmary and let the screen door bang behind them, Mr. Terry and Nurse Jean were shaking their heads over Helen, in the last bed in the airy front room. The infirmary was no place for a little girl to spend her precious two weeks at "Mont Lawn," especially when there seemed to be nothing really wrong with her. The counselor who brought her up the day before told how Helen had moped around from the time she had arrived. "She doesn't want to do anything or play with anybody. Doesn't even eat much!"

"Homesick," Mr. Terry had carefully diagnosed.

And then Shorty and Danny came tearing in, right into the front room. "What is it?" Helen asked, sitting up in bed.

"Take it easy, Helen," Mr. Terry told her. "Just a baby rabbit the boys have."

"A baby rabbit?" Helen exclaimed. "Can we keep it here? Can we?" There was a sparkle in her eyes.

"It must have got lost from its mother," Shorty said. "We found it out there." He pointed vaguely.

"Can I keep it here?" Helen asked again. "Please?"

Shorty looked at Danny and Danny bit his lip. It was such a soft little thing, snuggling there in his hand. It wasn't trying to fight him—not even bite. The baby rabbit trusted him, believed in him.

Danny nodded finally. "Sure," he said. "Sure, she can keep Chester Gladstone." And Mr. Terry squeezed Danny's shoulder when the boy went out. He knew that Danny had learned something already from "Mont Lawn"—the deep wonder and satisfaction of sharing. He smiled when Danny suddenly turned to Shorty and said, "Race you down the hill!"

And at "Children's Temple" that evening, Danny found himself listening and feeling good when Mr. Ray told how Jesus had said that people could get more happiness out of giving than getting.

In the infirmary, a little girl squealed with delight at the antics of a baby rabbit and forgot that she was homesick and heartsick. "She'll be all right now," Mr. Terry said. For he and Nurse Jean had heard her say, "You don't have any mother, Chester Gladstone. I know how you feel, because I don't either. But I love you, Chester, and don't you ever forget it."

And the lonely little girl who had stroked the soft fur of the tiny animal and had spoken the gentle words, that next Sunday evening sat confidently in the service at the chapel and sang eagerly, "Jesus loves me!" THE END

MAKE AMERICA STRONG

(Continued on page 18)

of our youth was taught to know and admire what our country stood for in the world, and to honor and to respect what their forebears had done to achieve that standing. Thus a great tradition was built and was preserved.

Perhaps, in these latter years, we have lost that love of God and love of country which in the past was the great unifying and impelling influence which made our differences a source of strength and not of peril. Having, for many generations, sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, many material things were added unto us. Perhaps those things became a rust that tarnished our souls.

It may be possible to prove statistically that our churches and synagogues have increased their membership in terms of percentage of population. But it is also demonstrable, though perhaps not statistically, that religion has more and more parted company with education and with secular life. Practices no longer, as before, reflect a conscious effort to express a living faith. How many now live the belief Washington expressed, that religion and morality are the indispensable supports of political prosperity and that morality cannot be maintained without religion?

And if we turn to appraise love of country, we are forced to conclude that after many generations of youth have studied American history as a record to be honored, now many of our teachers, and under them many of our youth, have developed a cynicism that belittles patriotism. Modern histories totally fail to catch the spirit which made our diplomacy potent during the 19th century, the lack of which spirit has made our diplomacy relatively impotent during this 20th century.

Our national motto is "*E pluribus unum*" which can be expressed as "unity despite difference." That is a glorious conception, but it requires that differences shall not transcend unity. Otherwise they become intolerable and fatally dangerous. And the only unity which can be adequate to comprehend the degree of difference we should welcome is the unity which is compelled by the two great Commandments—love of God and love of neighbor. The danger today is that we do not have those loves in the measure required to keep differences within tolerable bounds.

If that be our danger, how can it be surmounted? There are many things to be done, but of them all, the most profitable is to expose ourselves to the contagious influence of conduct which reflects, in purity, love of God and love of country. THE END

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Sunday School Lessons

By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, July 6

MAN'S SIN; GOD'S MERCY

JUDGES 2:8-17; 21:25; PSALMS 33:12

"HISTORY is the story of the world's great men." For the next three months we will become acquainted with the great men and women who saved Israel from complete chaos. Perhaps they will not seem great by 20th-century standards. But they were great in Israel's history. They were called "judges." While they did serve as judges over their tribes they were much more. They were military leaders against the enemies of Israel. They also kept alive the knowledge and worship of God.

When Joshua led Israel into Canaan it was with the express instructions of God to conquer and destroy the nations then in possession of the land. Read these instructions in Exodus 34:11-16 and Deuteronomy 7:1-5. If these seem severe commands, their purpose is made clear by the period of the Judges. These heathens were worshipers of Baal and Ashtaroth, nature religions that encouraged unmentionable lusts in the name of their gods. So long as the tribes of Israel had neighbors like these, they would be tempted to adopt their sinful ways.

Israel disobeyed God. After enough land was conquered for their immediate needs they made peace. The tribes were scattered and recognized no one leader after Joshua died. Some of the tribes had more intercourse with heathen neighbors than with their brother tribes of Israel. The result was exactly that which God had sought to prevent by a complete conquest of Canaan. The chosen people forgot their God, forgot how He had freed them from slavery, brought them to the promised land and had given them power over their enemies. In time they were joining in the orgies of heathen worship. "God's wrath blazed against them."

The nations they had left in Canaan became the means God used to punish them. Attacked by these tribes, they were compelled to defend themselves. They soon discovered that their only protection was a return to God. They repented bitterly and cried to God. He heard them and gave them a Judge to lead them to victory. With peace restored, the same monotonous round

began again—making friends with the heathen, adopting their ways, being punished by enemy raids, tearful repentance, appeal to God, forgiveness and victory.

Judges is not so much a book of history as it is a book of heroes. The stories told were no doubt the oral tradition of Israel for centuries before they were written in their present form. They were the stories the elders told to each new generation. Their lesson is clear: sin does not pay.

Our assigned lesson comes from the introduction to the book. The main part follows, telling the stories of the judges. (Judges 3:7 to 16:31). The conclusion gives additional stories of sin and judgment. It may have been added in later years. (Judges 17:1 to 21:25.)

Three times in Judges the writer repeats, "In those days there was no king in Israel; everyone used to do as he pleased" (Judges 17:6; 18:1; 21:25). That exactly describes the disorganized life of Israel. Even more tragic was the fact that there was no God recognized and obeyed. How Israel tried God's patience! How unbreakable was His patience and persistent His love! Has He been less patient with us?

Questions:

Why did not God exterminate the heathen tribes from Canaan so they would not be a constant temptation to Israel? He might have sent plague or earthquake. Would it have been best for Israel in the long view? Do we seek God, confessing our sin, as readily in times of peace as in war? Are the present world trials due to man's disobedience of God's commands? If so, which promises greater security, military might or return to God? Are our freedoms man made or God given?

• Sunday, July 13

COURAGEOUS LEADERSHIP

JUDGES 4:4-8; 5:1-7; JOSHUA 1:9

SAVED by a woman! In a world where woman was little more than property, it is good that we have the record of women like Deborah. It has taken many long centuries to give women freedom and equality. That it was God's ultimate purpose is shown by His call to Deborah to be the deliverer of His people. Deborah means

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"bee." Her aide was Barak, meaning "lightning." By the sting of the bee and the stroke of lightning, Israel was saved.

Deborah was judge over some of the tribes. She settled disputes, holding court under a certain tree called Deborah. In Genesis 35:8 is the record of another Deborah, nurse for Rebekah. She was buried under a tree near Bethel. Could our Deborah have selected her place to hold court as an honor to her namesake? Her work was with the northern tribes, and the location of this story is in the part of Palestine that is known as Galilee in New Testament times.

There are two accounts of the victory over Jabin, a Canaanite king, and Sisera, his general. The one is in prose and the other in poetry. Both must be read to get the whole story. Israel had forgotten God once more. For twenty years Jabin's armies overran these northern tribes, exacting tribute and taking slaves. "Caravans had disappeared and travelers kept to the by-roads." Punishment had brought Israel to repentance. God chose Deborah to manage deliverance. She instructed Barak, one of Israel's chieftains, to gather an army near Mt. Tabor, at the northeast end of the plains of Esdraelon. He would not undertake the venture without her, so she shared the honor of victory. Indeed final victory would be due to another woman, Jael.

Sisera depended largely upon his troupe of chariots. The Jewish historian, Josephus, centuries later, tells of a great storm sent by the Lord. It is probable that the place Barak chose to defend was in marshy land and, perhaps made more treacherous by rain. This was part of his strategy. Sisera attacked, his chariots bogged down and Israel defeated him decisively. Sisera fled, sought refuge in the tent of Jael and was there killed in his sleep. The morality of Jael's bloody act is still the subject of much argument.

This battle disposed of the Canaanite nation. They would no longer menace Israel. But there were other cruel enemies left to continue to harass Israel when God was forgotten. Israel's lesson was learned for a time. It had not been their armed might that delivered them. Superiority of arms and man-power was on the side of Sisera. God alone gave the victory and there was peace for forty years.

Questions:

Judges 5:23 has served as a text for many a sermon on the sin of neutrality in the battle between good and evil. Could you imagine the town council of Meroz discussing the question whether they should send troops to fight with Barak? What would be some of the arguments

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against taking part in the battle? Do we use these arguments today to avoid taking sides? What are some of the forces of evil attacking our nation?

• Sunday, July 20

FOLLOWING GOD'S PURPOSE

JUDGES 6:11-17, 25-27; 8:22, 23;

PSALMS 27:11

BEATING out wheat in a wine-press"—what a place to look for a hero! With Deborah gone the Israelites soon lapsed into idolatry. This time punishment came through marauding bands of Midianites and Amalakites from across Jordan. The fertile farms of northern Palestine were always a temptation and these armed bands would pitch their tents in grain fields and vineyards and rob the poor peasants of their harvests. Not only crops but lives were endangered. Many forsook their homes to live in caves. To winnow wheat on a windy hilltop would only invite a visit from these robbers. Gideon was using a rock-hewn vat where wine was pressed from the grapes. There he would be hidden from the enemy.

Not only was Gideon in hiding but he was questioning God's protection for His people. It is hard to admit that human sin is only getting its just deserts. God was doing something about it. He was calling Gideon to lead Israel to victory over its enemies. Gideon's humility was one mark of his fitness. His first need was to be sure that it was God's call. Assured of that by the fire that burned his offering, he was ready for his first assignment.

He destroyed the altar to Baal and cut down the sacred grove in which it was set. Using the wood, he burned a sacrifice. This exploit was at night. In the morning his father defended him against the angry townspeople. "Let Baal defend his own altars if he is able." Now Gideon was getting a reputation he would need if he was to win support from the Israelites.

A new raid by the enemies of Israel was to be the test of Gideon's leadership. Again he demanded proof that God was calling him to this task. In great patience God gave him the proof he asked. Sure of God, now Gideon was ready. His call for volunteers brought thousands. But God must be sure that Israel did not credit victory to the numbers and might of its troops. By interesting tests calculated to select only the bravest and most alert, the number was reduced to 300. Carefully Gideon briefed his little band. A visit to the camp of the enemy had convinced him of their fear. With trumpets in one hand and torches hidden in pitchers in the other, they were ready. Trumpets were blown, pitchers smashed, torches flamed on every side

of the enemy camp, and panic followed. Great victory came that day to Israel.

"Gideon's Band" has become the honored term for any little group of people who fight the battle of right against great odds. Our Christian traveling men call their organization "The Gideons" and do a great work in placing the Bible in hotel rooms. Many a traveler has been saved from temptation through their work.

Victory won, Gideon might have become the king and the head of a royal family. He was not spoiled by success. Humbly he refused. He reminds us of Washington, who also refused a crown. Humility is strength, not weakness, when it is offered to God. God cannot use proud men. I read the story recently of a "great" man. Coming back to his home town to receive the homage of his neighbors, he proclaimed, "I am thankful that I have always retained that childlike humility which is the mark of all truly great men." Pride often disguises itself in the cloak of humility. Humility must be honest, not only discounting our own powers, but counting on God's. Such a man was Gideon.

Questions:

Gideon was brave and humble. What other qualities for leadership did he have? Study his strategy in battle, his reply to the complaining Ephraimites, and other incidents in his life. Does God have a definite call for everyone?

• Sunday, July 27

PREPARATION FOR SERVICE

I SAMUEL 1:20, 24-28; 3:1, 10 to 4:1

GREAT religious leaders do not just happen. God calls and trains them for specific tasks. Their preparation begins before they are born. When God planned a young assistant for Paul He began with the boy's grandmother according to the record (II Timothy 1:5). Perhaps the process began with her ancestors. So with the preparation of Samuel. He was a wanted child, the answer to a mother's prayers. A major interest of his home was religion. His parents celebrated the appointed feasts of their faith and made regular visits to the tabernacle. We may be sure that Samuel was taught the history of his race and of God's protective care for His chosen people. He would learn to pray and to praise God. He would be told as soon as he could understand that he was to devote his life to God's service.

We may be sure also that Samuel carried in his heart all his life gratitude toward his pious parents. For myself the memory of the central place taken in my home by the interests of the Kingdom is still a benediction. God

Himself has designed Christian homes to be the natural nesting place for the coming leaders in His church.

Eli, the high priest, was good but weak. Like many another father he had failed with his sons. Often children whose parents are occupied with business and social life or careers may become strangers in their homes. Parenthood is a primary responsibility.

Samuel had many hard assignments from God. Perhaps the hardest was the first. He must tell the aged Eli that God's judgment awaited his sons and him. The command of God was clear. We do not ordinarily have such clear direction from God. Samuel did not have the whole story of God's will and way for man. That story is complete only in Christ. We do not need mysterious voices or visions to know God's purpose for us. If we are attuned in spirit to our Lord, if we are eager to know His will, if we use the heads and hearts God has given us, we will discover what He wants us to do.

The training of Samuel began with little duties. He was to help the aged high priest in any way he could. He was to be to him what Hophni and Phinehas failed to be. He could light the lamps and candles, open and shut doors, run errands and generally make himself useful. Are there little unimportant tasks that our children could do about the church? I have young men in my seminary classes who first felt the call to the ministry when being permitted to help their pastors. Lighting candles, placing announcements on bulletin boards, sorting cards for the church index, shining brass, finding lessons in the lectern Bible—these are only a sample of the tasks a boy can do for his pastor. How much it means to a boy or girl to have some responsibility in the work of the church.

Children are important, about the most important things in the world. Jesus thought so. It may seem trite to say that they are the leaders of tomorrow. Samuel was called to a great task. Israel was disorganized and idolatrous. Samuel was to prepare the nation for its most glorious age when another boy, David, was to become its greatest king. Perhaps one of the boys in our home or in our church will furnish the Christian leadership our confused and divided world needs.

Questions:

What opportunities does our church give our children for training in church work? Considering what our church is doing for our children, could we truthfully say that we believe no group in the church is as important? Is there difficulty in securing leaders for children's classes and groups? If so, what should be done? Do we send our children to summer camps for leadership training?



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A DP LOOKS AT AMERICA

(Continued from page 23)

America?" I timidly asked the lady. "Sure, everybody does!" she replied heartily.

"But foreigners pay a higher rate?"

"No!" she replied emphatically. "The rate is the same for everybody."

"But an American gets more pay than a foreigner does for the same job?"

"Certainly not!" she said. "You'll get equal pay for equal work."

I wanted to ask many more questions, but I knew I mustn't bother the lady. So I stepped aside, pondering what I had just heard. That was my first lesson in democracy.

A woman from Church World Service took us to a hotel, gave us a little money, and told us to take it easy.

We were hungry. For years hunger had been our constant companion, and our most coherent quest had been for food. Now we had a little money in our pockets, and we understood that nothing more was needed to obtain food in America. So we set out in search of a grocery store, accompanied by some other DP's who had been brought to the same hotel.

In the DP camp before leaving Europe we were shown several films describing life in America. One of them showed a grocery with perfect mountains of food displayed on open shelves. This was naturally just a form of propaganda. So we laughed.

But now we found ourselves in precisely that kind of place, and we could push the carriages around and take anything we wanted.

Before the big cabinet of milk I lost all my self-control. "Please, sir," I pleaded with the attendant, "may I have two quarts of milk?" In Europe a quart was the ration for a month.

The man looked at me in surprise, and I noticed that several people around turned and looked at me. I was ashamed; I wished I hadn't been so greedy.

"Of course you can have two quarts of milk," the man said. Then why had everybody looked at me that way?

Tenderly I carried my two quarts of milk home, sat down in an arm chair, and drank every drop.

The following morning, according to instructions, we went to Church World Service. They gave us addresses of government employment agencies, told us about reading and answering newspaper ads for jobs, and instructed us in the use of the telephone directory.

The kindly social worker suggested that we look for work as domestic servants. I suppose our faces must have registered some of our abhorrence at such an idea.

"In this country no work is disgrace-

ful," she said, "as long as it is honest."

"You mean," I asked, skeptically, "that my future career as a university professor and my husband's, as an engineer won't be ruined if it becomes known that we have worked as servants?"

"Indeed not!" she replied emphatically. "On the contrary, it might increase an employer's respect for you."

That was my second lesson in democracy!

She gave us the address of some people in Garden City, Long Island, who were looking for domestic help. We found the house, and a nice old lady opened the door. The house was large and old, smelling of mothballs and old furniture. The living room was like a little museum, and I was thrilled to see some Rosenthal china in a cabinet. It was like meeting an old friend, for my home in Yugoslavia had once been full of it.

The lady called her husband, who started questioning us—where had we worked before, could he see our credentials? We had recommendations from Church World Service, but that was all. No experience with an American vacuum, washing machine or driving a car. However they seemed satisfied.

Then my husband inquired about the gentleman's business. He was an engineer. My husband made the mistake of revealing that he, too, was an engineer. After that the older man asked many questions, but of a different sort—about our lives, our experience, our political views. Finally he told my husband about some engineering employment agencies, and wished us good luck. The lady let us go regretfully; she had seemed pleased with us.

DURING the next few weeks, we wore out much shoe leather visiting employment agencies. I learned to say confidently that I could cook and clean the house, and be a governess for children, and *not* to mention anything about college degrees.

At last we, with a woman called "Wanda," were sent to a Park Avenue address. They wanted a cook, a housekeeper, and a butler. We put on our best hats and our best smiles, and the three of us stormed the main entrance of the swank Park Avenue apartment house. The doorman intercepted us immediately.

"Use that door, please," he said, pointing to a door which said "Service Entrance." I didn't know that in America there were two front entrances to an apartment building, one for servants, and one for ladies and gentlemen.

We reached the apartment by the

service entrance, and a lady in her forties, very trim, blonde and pretty, opened the door for us.

"I was ready to leave," she said, "but come in. Now which of you are Mary and Serge?"

"That is Mr. Emery and me," I said.

"Oh, do I have to call you Mr. and Mrs.? Is that the custom in Europe?"

"Well," I replied, "you can call us any way you like."

She started with my husband. "Serge," she said, "I'll want you to do a lot of things around the house. First thing in the morning you clean the shoes; then you walk the dog; then you clean the car, drive my husband to his office, wash the dishes in the kitchen, clean and cut the vegetables, polish the silver, serve at the table—"

And so she went on enumerating the chores my husband should do.

Then she began on me. "I believe I am going to like you, Mary," she said. "I can see that you have been serving in the best houses in Europe. I want you to be something like a manager and secretary for my household. You will give the cook her orders, answer the telephone, take the children to school and bring them home, bathe them and shampoo their hair, see to the mending and sewing, do the cleaning—"

My chores were already outnumbering my husband's when the doorbell interrupted her. I was amazed to see the lady from Church World Service.

"I heard you were here," she said brightly, "and I just stopped in to see how things are going."

She turned to the lady, and nodded toward me. "Dr. Emery could be of great service to you, improving the French pronunciation of your children, you know, and generally taking care of their schooling."

"What do you mean, Doctor Emery?" the lady fairly screamed. She didn't look pretty now. "I don't want any doctors around here." She whirled around at my husband. "Don't tell me that he is a doctor, too!"

"No," I told her modestly, "he has only a master's degree, and he loves to clean silver."

But it didn't work, and all four of us left the house sooner than we expected.

We were frankly depressed. We decided to abandon the "domestic couple" idea and take just any kind of job we could find. At last at one of the welfare organizations where I went seeking help in finding a job, I was offered work right there doing translations, since I knew six or seven languages. I would also do general office work. They would pay me the fabulous salary of \$45 a week; I could scarcely believe my good fortune. My feet wouldn't carry me back to the hotel fast enough to tell my

(Continued on page 54)

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A Christian Herald CHURCH HELP PLAN Participant—See page 7

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THE New Books

CYCLONE IN CALICO, by Nina Brown Baker (Little, Brown, 278 pp., \$3.50).

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Here is a biography with the grip of the most dynamic fiction. It is a romance of prodigious toil, a love story of sacrifice and service. Also it is a factual record of marching Union armies across Kentucky, through Tennessee and from Lookout Mountain to Atlanta and Savannah. There is high regard, too, for the character of the soldier in grey. Mary Ann had the friendship of the "brass," but the private soldiers were "my boys." She fed them, she cleansed their wounds and bandaged them, she nursed them back to health or she buried them when they died. And always she fought for them as a lioness fights for her young. A grand book!—D.A.P.

A MAN OF COURAGE—ROBERT A. TAFT, by Caroline Thomas Harnsberger (Wilcox & Follett, 370 pp., \$3.50).

A biography of Robert A. Taft, appearing in the Living American Statesmen Series, that completely vindicates its title. Like him or not, you are bound to acknowledge "Mr. Republican" as a man of courage, even reckless courage. This volume goes a long way toward meeting the campaign cry of defeatism raised against Senator Taft: "He can't be elected." In the face of the fact that he always has been elected, this book seems justified in its conclusion that he could be elected again.—D.A.P.

WHAT EISENHOWER THINKS, edited and interpreted by Allan Taylor (Crowell, 186 pp., \$2.75).

GENERAL IKE, A Biography of Dwight D. Eisenhower by Alden Hatch (Holt, 320 pp., \$3).

Here are two books from different publishers that make the same case—the case for Eisenhower as the one man many believe could be and should be nominated by the Republican Party for the Presidency of the United States and elected by the American people to that high of-

fic. The biography of this five-star general is timely, vivid reading, even as the man himself is a vivid personality who, throughout his whole life, has arrived on time. There is informality in the biography. The family life of the general, from his courtship until now, is told with friendly zest, but steadily the man moves out into the wide arena of world affairs with the stride of one who has an appointment to keep with destiny. Eisenhower has not spent his life in making political speeches. Here there is a dearth of material for politicians and for the campaign. But he has said searching things about freedom, economics, the American foreign policy, labor and management. This is the material that will be eagerly appraised by the American people. Inevitably these volumes are campaign documents.—D.A.P.

HURLBUT'S STORY OF THE BIBLE, by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut (Winston, 655 pp., \$4.95).

Few of you have not at some time picked up a copy of "Hurlbut's." Children of three generations have found exciting adventure and challenging faith in its pages. As a child I read it avidly, and now I marvel at the ability of the man who wrote it. So many retellers of Bible tales muddy the clear waters. No. Dr. Hurlbut. He wrote so simply a child could understand, so faithfully an adult could profit. Now this book, that should be in every Christian home, has been reset in a modern typeface, restyled, re-illustrated. The result is a fresh-looking, attractive volume that will be a lifelong companion for today's children. In this year of 1952, the 3,000,000th copy of the book will be sold—powerful recommendation!—K.L.W.

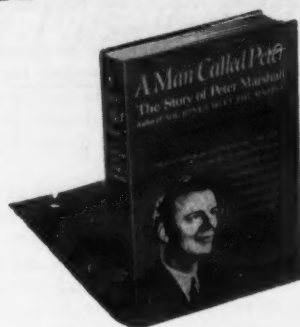
CENTURIES AGO: From Genesis to the Time of Christ, by Virginia Drysdale Kenney (Allen, Lane & Scott, \$2.50).

This story is something more than the title suggests—it is the picture, in fine writing and with correct biblical language always, of the Hebrew people. Factual and faithful to both the spirit and the material of her narrative, this author has made the Old Testament come alive. Unmistakably her work is a labor of love, done with understanding.—D.A.P.

GOD KEEPS AN OPEN HOUSE, by Lilian Lauferty (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3).

The author is better known as Beatrice Fairfax, who for many years wrote a syndicated "lovelorn column." But don't let that stop you from reading this book! Miss Fairfax was a wise counselor to thousands of youngsters beset with, to them, seemingly insurmountable problems involving the tender passion. The balm she poured on troubled young hearts is incalculable. In "God Keeps an Open House," Miss Fairfax writes a profoundly deep, stirring and highly inspiring personal testimony of how, when she was deeply beset, she found the way to "God's open house" and how she has lived there ever since, growing in stature, in spiritual insight and happiness. Clearly, concisely, with no theological mumbo-jumbo, the author describes how any heavy laden soul may find that open house and dwell there with God in serenity and peace.—H.G.S.

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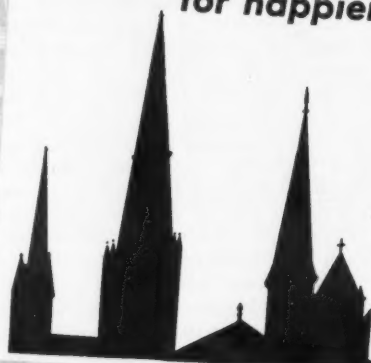
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A DP LOOKS AT AMERICA

(Continued from page 51)

husband the happy, wonderful news.

He was all a-tremble. He said, "This is a day we will always remember. I have found work, too."

He had heard that one of the city's largest chain bakeries needed twenty men on the night shift. He was given a Social Security card, and promised a wage of \$26 a week and three meals a night.

The future looked very bright indeed for two Displaced Persons in a dingy hotel room in New York that night. We were so grateful—so grateful—to God and to America. My husband had once been a respected engineer, building bridges and laying out railroads, with a staff of junior engineers working under him. I had been a university professor, the daughter of one of Yugoslavia's wealthiest industrialists. But a war had blotted out that day, and now this was a new day. My husband felt only privileged in being a night worker in a bakery in a free land. In the same way I could only thank God for my job.

We promptly joined an "Americanization" class to prepare ourselves for American citizenship.

One day when the instructor of the class was deploring, as he often did, the political decadence into which Europe had fallen, he said, "Why should a continent so small be divided up into a score or more of countries, many no larger than some of our States, and each with its own government?"

My husband spoke up. "It is the outgrowth of history," he said, "On the same thesis, why should this country be divided into States? The people of Europe differ greatly in cultural background, in historical tradition and customs and mores, and in language. Americans have none of these differences. Why, then, should the country be divided into States, each with its own laws governing marriage and divorce, licensing—"

"Mr. Emery," the instructor broke in sharply, "if you don't like the way this country is run, you can go back where you came from!"

Dead silence followed. Was this our third lesson in democracy?

In spite of our jobs we were constantly searching for positions in the lines for which we were specially fitted. On our days off we registered with every agency we could find, and we wrote countless letters of application.

Early in September a teacher's agency gave me an appointment to meet the dean of a certain college at one of the large New York hotels. I took along all my credentials, and displayed my large European diplomas all over the room. After a while the dean told

me I was accepted to teach French, German, and Russian classes, a class of European History, and International Relations.

When our train arrived in the university town, the dean met Mother and me, put our suitcases in his car, and took us to his home where he told us we were to stay until we found a place to live. That night, for the first time, I heard Americans praying before a meal, and a prayer has never gripped my heart more. Our host prayed: "Our Heavenly Father, we thank You for this food. We thank You for these people who are going to stay with us in this land. Bless our friendship, and keep and guide us all. Amen."

The next morning the dean told me that because it was opening day he was very busy, and therefore he would like me to take his Education class. "Talk to them about European education, or anything you can think of that will bring Europe and America closer together," he said.

I was shocked. We heard nothing like that in totalitarian Europe. A free exchange of ideas was the bitterest enemy of the totalitarian state. There you couldn't trust your fellow professor, or even your students; one among them was always sure to report every word he heard, or even presumed to have heard.

After the class many of the boys and girls shook hands with me, thanked me for the lecture.

PROBABLY no American can know how happy I was that day. I had been accepted by America in my cherished profession.

My husband telephoned me from New York that evening to tell me that he had a position as a civil engineer with a construction company on Long Island, and that made my happiness complete.

Soon it was Thanksgiving Day, and the Pilgrim fathers had no more to be thankful for than I had. America had been so good to us!

Then it was Christmastime, and I was on a train again, headed back to New York and Serge.

I like the American Christmas, but what I like best is that the spirit of Christmas lasts in America the whole year long in the gladness of sharing, brotherhood, and hospitality that America extends to all the world. I saw those ideas expressed on the Statue of Liberty. I have also read them in the Bible. America is following in the footsteps of the Master when He said, "Come unto me, ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS

"... Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness"

THESE words are found in the Declaration of Independence—that piece of paper which changed the history of the world, which resulted in thirteen small colonies becoming the most powerful country in the world—our own United States.

Those familiar and wonderful words are found in a sentence which reads: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator, with certain . . . Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Almost everybody in our country knows these words, but many people do not believe them. A talented and famous lady found this out. She is a great singer and was scheduled to sing in Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C. But she was refused permission to appear there because she is a Negro.

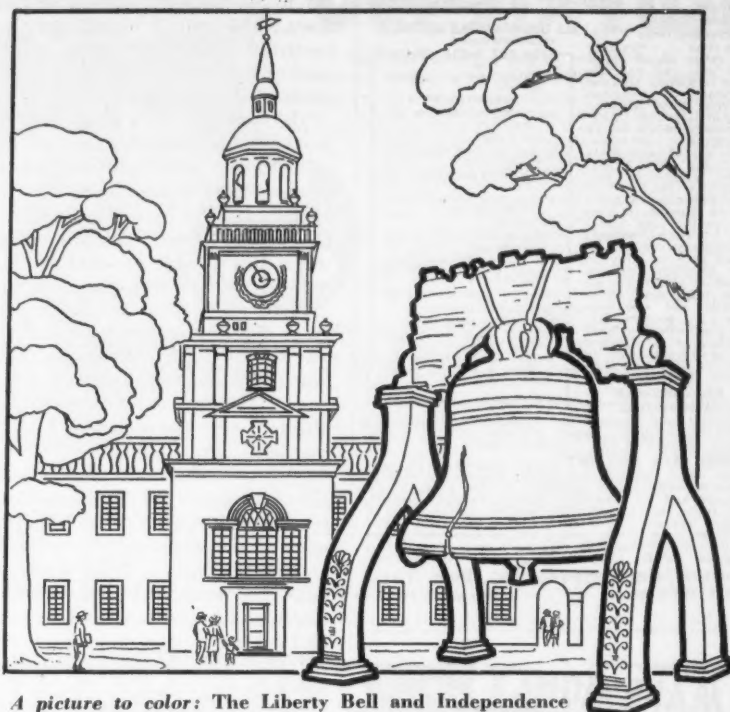
How sad this must have made Marian Anderson! Sad, because she hoped and believed that with her beautiful voice she was helping her people. For long ago she dedicated her great gift to helping them become understood and accepted.

All her young life, Marian Anderson knew what it was to be denied privileges that white children had. But despite that and the fact that her parents had very little money, her love of music would not let her rest.

When she was just about school age, she happened to be walking by a shop. Her eye was caught by a violin hanging in the window. *If I could own a violin, she thought, then I could make my own music.* But it cost so much. She knew her parents couldn't afford to buy it. So she turned away and started home. But suddenly her feet began to fly. She had an idea!

Home she raced, and out again. This time she was carrying a pail and scrubbing brush. She rang the nearest neighbor's doorbell. "Please, Ma'am, would you like me to scrub your steps?" Scrubbing steps was a daily task in many parts of her city. "You can pay me anything you want to." Up and down the streets she went. Days and weeks were spent this way until she had the money she needed. When she got the violin, she taught herself to play.

All this time, however, she was singing. She sang for benefits and concerts at her church, in the children's choir, anywhere. Always her clear



A picture to color: The Liberty Bell and Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

voice could be heard above the others.

When she was twelve, her father died. Marian helped her mother earn a living for the family. Singing seemed like such an easy way to earn a living! But soon she realized that with her gift came responsibility. Every time she made a public appearance, she made people aware of her race and the abilities which are to be found in other Negroes if they were given a chance.

Years of study and hard work followed. Concerts at home and abroad were scheduled. Soon Marian Anderson became known around the world for her glorious voice and her radiant personality. How then could she be refused permission to sing anywhere?

This story's ending is happier than its beginning. Our government asked Miss Anderson if she would give her concert on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. So with the huge figure of Abraham Lincoln behind her, Marian Anderson gave one of her most unforgettable concerts.

Equality, liberty, and the opportunity to be happy—if we want them for ourselves, we must not keep them from others.

My Favorite PRAYER



I thank Thee, God, in every way
For the food we eat each day.

Dawn Elaine Crawford, age 6, of Red Bank, N. J., asked her grandmother to send us this prayer which she 'made up,' as Dawn couldn't write it down herself.

What Do YOU Think?

My Piano

Now, do you suppose
That my piano knows
The tunes I try to play?
Does it try hard
Sometimes, to say,
"My goodness, child,
You'll drive me wild
By playing that way?"

And don't you think it would be fine
If it could teach me, line by line,
Just how each tune should sound?
Then, maybe, I would sometimes be
Ready when my teacher called on me.
—Edward E. Bill, Garden City, Kansas

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"RODY" AND HIS RAINBOWS

(Continued from page 19)

for him that night. Sunday did, preaching with great joy and effectiveness. He felt no ill effects, so announced he would preach again on Sunday evening. The latter proved to be his last sermon. His text was "What Must I Do to be Saved?" The crowd overflowed the church; forty people accepted Christ—and Billy Sunday's earthly ministry closed in a blaze of passion and power.

Through the years I saw and heard Sunday and Rodeheaver in action many times. Always it was the teamwork of consecrated men who complemented each other, both spectacular in performance, though in different ways, and humble in spirit, both passionately in love with evangelism.

I watched them in action in the great meeting in Chicago in 1918; it was held in a huge tabernacle near the lake front, where the downtown campus of Northwestern University now stands. I was fascinated as I watched southern-born Rodeheaver, with the melodious voice and symphonic manner, literally charm the crowd into an overflow of singing effort. There was none of the tornadic Billy in his leadership. Yet with a slight wave of the hand he would bring the crowd up singing with a volume and a grandeur that no gymnastics could ever arouse. It was a magnificent offset to Sunday's stormy approach.

Probably nothing that Rodeheaver did in the relentless battle against the liquor traffic was more effective than his singing, playing and leading the throngs in vociferous renditions of "The Brewer's Big Hosses Can't Run Over Me." The ditty has no musical merit, and is almost illiterate. But under Rodeheaver's artistry it stirred people more than all the statistics and arguments an orator might put forth.

"Rody," too, set the nation, and much of the world, singing "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and the "Glory Song"—"Oh, that will be glory for me, glory for me, glory for me—" You can hear those gospel numbers sung in ten thousand different places. The main thing was that people liked them and sang them lustily and fervently. Arguments about merit fade when you contemplate the joy and strength people gathered from the mass singing of such songs.

There was something of the Paul and Timothy relationship between Sunday and Rodeheaver. The affection of the older man for the younger was deep and abiding, while the devotion of Homer to Billy was inspiring. Yet in spite of the variance in ages, there was an abiding companionship. For more than 20 years they campaigned

together in practically every large city in America.

They had their high moments of ecstasy, when thousands surged to the altar in search of the riches of Christ, and even their moments of unexpected drama. One of the latter occurred when Rodeheaver "licked" a Kansas thunderstorm with his trombone. The big revival tent was packed with worshippers one night as the campaign neared its end. Suddenly there was a roar and a blast of wind. A typical Kansas gale had struck with the fierceness and unexpectedness of a tiger's attack. Within minutes, rain was coming down in sheets, wind was blowing with seeming cyclonic fury, and deafening peals of thunder followed the intermittent flashes of lightning. The canvas of the tent began to flap ominously. One of the smaller poles fell and struck a woman. A panic was in the making. But Rodeheaver grabbed his trombone and began to play familiar hymns with a might that outnoised the storm. The feverishness of the people subsided sufficiently for him to appeal to them to remain self-controlled and quiet until the storm subsided—which it did almost as quickly as it came.

HOMER Rodeheaver was born on a small farm in a lonesome spot called Cinco Hollow, two long miles over the hills from the post office of Union Furnace, Ohio. When he was eight, his mother passed away, and he was left to the care of his father, the hard-working operator of a saw mill. The father believed boys should go to work at an early age, so between school terms the lad occupied his time by hauling logs from the hills to the saw mill.

These few years, however, were not all work. Yumbert, the oldest brother, liked to play the cabinet organ and direct amateur plays. Homer had an excellent tenor voice, and the boys did singing and amateur theatricals. The next step they took was to organize a band. Rody started with the bass drum, then learned the cornet.

At 16, he tackled college and formal music training at Ohio Wesleyan. For the next few years he was in and out of college, in and out of coal mines, logging camps, saw mills. He joined the college band, played the cornet, but took a fancy to the trombone and switched instruments. He bought his first one for \$7 from a fellow student who was broke, and he carried it when he marched away with the Fourth Regiment Band of Tennessee to the Spanish-American War. He served also in World War I.

When at Ohio Wesleyan, Rody was

chosen yell leader, not so much because of his shouting capacity as his ability to hold and carry a crowd with him. It was the same unique ability that diverted him from the study of law into evangelism.

An evangelist preaching near Delaware, Ohio, where Ohio Wesleyan is located, needed a song leader for two weeks, and came to the college to see if he could pick up a filler-in until the end of his revival. Someone said, "Talk to Rody—he can yell." Rody took the job, and did it so well that word got around concerning the promising evangelistic song leader available at Ohio Wesleyan. Two years later, evangelist William E. Biederwolf needed a temporary song leader and hired Rodeheaver for a two-week period. He held the job for five years.

Then came the dramatic meeting at Winfield, Kansas, where Sunday and Rodeheaver "found" each other.

"He's the man I want!" said Sunday. He soon got him. From then on, it was Sunday and Rodeheaver, the most famous revival team since the days of Moody and Sankey. It seemed as if Sunday himself came into his fullest powers after Rodeheaver, with his magnetic musical leadership, took over the choral and congregational singing direction. The team swept on to one amazing spiritual victory after another, until the breakup by death ended a service with few parallels in the history of the Christian Church.

Now well past the age when most men retire to enjoy the "few remaining years," Rodeheaver is going as strong as ever, with ebullient spirit, exhaustless energy, and the flame of spiritual passion burning at white heat. He still carries on many a "musical revival," both in regular evangelistic campaigns and in large religious conferences.

For 25 years he has made his headquarters at the famous Bible conference center, Winona Lake, Indiana, and from there and Florida he directs his manifold services. At Winona Lake, too, he frequently sees "Ma" Sunday, who shared with her husband many of the tasks of his great revivals. Here it is that Rodeheaver directs the annual Sacred Music Conference, where hundreds of choir directors, evangelistic song leaders, soloists and others in the religious music field come for training under the nation's ablest leaders. Here, too, he directs the world-wide sacred music publication activities of the Rodeheaver Hall-Mack Company, said to be the largest owner and publisher of gospel songs in the world.

Roddy carries his happiness into his faith and works. He has taken one phrase out of the familiar revival song, "If Your Heart Keeps Right," and adopted it as his "motto." It is, "Every

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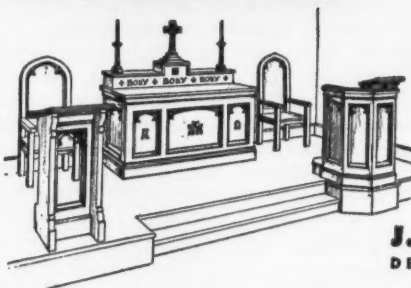
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cloud will wear a rainbow if your heart keeps right."

His music company has adopted as its trademark a rainbow bent through several bars of music. This same design appears on his stationery, business cards, and other literature. His home at Winona Lake is called "Rainbow Point," and is built on a rainbow-shaped piece of land. He even has the rainbow motif in his dishes at home, and it is used as a cattle brand on his Florida ranch.

Now Rody's latest and most ambitious dream—already becoming a reality—is a "Rainbow Ranch for Boys," at Palatka, Florida, where he has donated a large tract of land for an extensive settlement where wholesome home environment with religious, school and vocational training may be provided for boys who, through neglect, poverty or unsatisfactory

home adjustment are drifting into delinquency. Admission will be granted to homeless, abandoned, neglected or underprivileged boys 12 to 16 years of age, who are sponsored by churches, welfare agencies and courts. Every effort will be made to provide home life atmosphere, with cottage homes and cottage parents for each unit of boys.

With the fire of an apostle and the wisdom of a patriarch, Homer Rodeheaver goes marching on. His alert mind, springy step, and contagious joyfulness reflect the inner spirit of a man who, like Billy Sunday, knows no cessation of planning or service, no dimming of the fires of Christian love and sacrifice, with the passing years. You feel instinctively that here is a man who has found eternal youth and springtime in finding Christ as Saviour and serving Him as Master.

THE BOY FROM WILLETSBURG

(Continued from page 20)

his words. "This year," he began, "the Merchants Association and the Church Alliance of Willetsburg are awarding two scholarships instead of one. . . ."

Jim had ranked second in his class, but Willetsburg was trying valiantly to take care of its own. And during the war, while he was overseas, these people had nursed her, his mother, and seen to everything.

These were debts of kindness that could never be repaid, Jim knew. But, of course, nobody expected payment. Not in Willetsburg. Still, maybe someday he would have the money to make a donation to something here, a worthy cause, a scholarship, something.

Quiet, peaceful Cherry Street was blossoming with the season, and people were out painting, trimming shrubs, and planting gardens. Opening the picket gate in front of his own cottage, Jim glanced next door. Marion was picking nasturtiums from a bed that grew next to the Johnson front porch. They had lived next door to each other ever since Jim could remember. First Marion had been that tomboyish little girl across the fence, always begging for rides on his bike. Later she became the gangly little beast in high school, a freshman at Lincoln when he was a senior. Then Jim had gone to college. After graduation he had joined the Air Corps, and Marion flowered into the most winsome young lady in town.

She had written faithfully while he was overseas, and soon he began to expect her letters and boxes with longing, disappointed if there was a mix-up in the mail. Once in New Guinea he hadn't heard from her for three months, and he knew what real loneliness was. When all six letters arrived at once, he

knew suddenly how he felt about the little girl next door.

It had been a happy year, back in Willetsburg. The date for their marriage was not set. For Jim it was *now*, but with Marion—well, she was cautious, sure-minded. Everything must be right and positive.

"Hey!" he called over the fence. "School's out!"

She looked up and smiled. "Congratulations! I have a present for you." Then she came over to the fence and handed him the flowers. "Graduation gift."

"For me?"

"Yes, you. On your first year of successful teaching, Mr. Thorne."

"Enough of that," he said, grinning as he took the flowers. "That Mr. has been dropped for the summer. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Thursday? Well, let's see now. Doctor has started closing his office on Thursday afternoons for the summer months. So I suppose I'd better start knitting a sweater for next winter!"

Jim laughed. "Oh, no. We're going fishing. Old Jeff says the bass are striking, and I have a new reel. One o'clock?"

"One o'clock," she said, smiling.

When he went into his kitchen, he noticed the plate of fudge on the table and grinned to himself. Marion understood. Bachelor cooking lacked some of the nicer points.

He settled down to putting away books and filing mementoes of the past year. His smile broadened as he placed the activity pictures, the ones which would appear in the school annual, in a manila folder. He had worked hard this year to make traditional events take

on new life. The students had responded well, too. Before this year, Lincoln High had completely neglected Homecoming, but Jim had taken care of that. He and the coach had planned it together, and it had been a big day. The football game was a thriller, and the Homecoming Capers, a musical comedy Jim directed, was a brilliant success. Willetsburg turned out in full force and loved it. And the annual. The school had not had one since before the depression. But this year Jim had sponsored it and helped to solicit advertising to put the project over.

But now it was over. Now he had to look out for Jim Thorne.

On the front porch of the little cottage, Jim sat down to open his mail. Two letters and the paper. The first envelope he opened hurriedly, the one postmarked "Marshall."

Scanning the letter, he found the important paragraph, the one which spelled Marion and advancement and all the little things a better job made possible. His eyes grew wider as he read. "We are prepared to offer you the figure you named in your application, of course." Just like that! An even thousand more than he made here.

Jim was still jumping inside when he opened the other envelope. The letter was from the school board of Willetsburg. It was only a formality, this letter, for everybody knew that Lincoln always gave a hundred dollar raise at the end of the first year of teaching. But something pinched Jim as he read on. "... have appreciated your services very much. It is impossible to do more for our teachers than our allotment from taxes allows, but we have decided to try to cut down somewhere else and offer you a two-hundred dollar per year increase instead of the usual one hundred, if you will continue with us for the coming school year. ..."

Two hundred dollars. He knew they were making the grand gesture. And it wasn't the school board. Not really. It was the people of Willetsburg.

Jim's lips formed a tight line and his square jaw was firm. He appreciated it. Very much. But he had to think of himself and Marion. Well, he wouldn't think about it just now.

THEY WERE OUT ON a little promontory in the lake that afternoon, Marion fishing lazyman style with a pole, hook and worm. She had already caught three nice pan-sized perch, but Jim couldn't hook a thing but weeds.

"Marion," he said, slowly. "You know that position I mentioned about a month ago?"

She looked up, a bit of anxiety in her eyes. "I remember." Then she set her gaze on the cork in the water.

"Well, I had a letter from them to-

(Continued on page 62)



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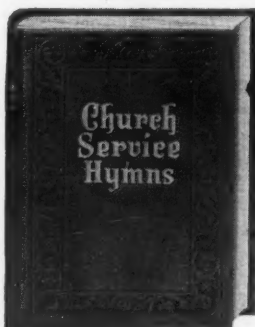
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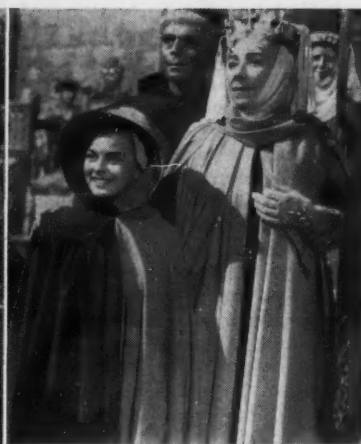
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Picture
of the Month

"The Story of Robin Hood"

THIS magnificent production brings to the screen the legendary exploits of "Robin Hood and his merrie men" in a new version full of romance and adventure. Light and rollicking, this all-live-action film produced by Walt Disney and released by RKO portrays fine sentiments and unflinching courage.

During the absence of Richard Lion Heart who was fighting in the Crusades, his treacherous brother King John and John's accomplice, the Sheriff of Nottingham, oppressed the people, gathered unjust taxes for personal gain and planned to usurp the throne. Robert Fitzooth (nicknamed Robin Hood) and the men who joined him, faithful to Richard, harassed the miscreants and by a ruse finally gathered from the plunderers gold needed to ransom their king after his imprisonment in Germany. Conflict between the selfish and violent King John and his cohorts, and the generous (but equally



A superb cast brings to life this oft-told tale of derring-do in the dark days of the twelfth century.

violent) outlawed followers of King Richard, makes a fascinating 12th-century story. Robin Hood triumphs, is made Earl of Locksley and is awarded the hand of his childhood sweetheart, Maid Marian.

The story is told in quaint ballad style by Elton Hayes, famous English ballad singer, who as a minstrel recounts the adventures of Robin and ties action and legend together. Characters are depicted as we had imagined them to be: Richard Todd, a fearless and adventurous Robin; Joan Rice, a mischievous, fresh-faced and

beautiful Maid Marian; Martita Hunt, the regal Eleanor of Aquitaine; James Hayter, the Rabelaisian Friar Tuck, with paunch and chuckle; James Robertson Justice, perfect choice for Little John; Peter Finch, the "wicked Sheriff of Nottingham."

Research on theme and period by Dr. Charles Beard attests to the accuracy of the historical background. Technicolor photography of woodland, castles, elaborate costumes, heraldic trappings and men at arms is superb. This is entertainment of a high order. **F**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young people;
F—Family

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

WALK EAST ON BEACON (Louis de Rochemont; Columbia). This informative and exciting melodrama produced with the cooperation of the F. B. I., portrays the thoroughness and adherence to meticulous detail of this branch of the intelligence service. The story, which concerns espionage motivated from Moscow and successfully run down in Boston, shows the mentality of fanatic Communists who spare nothing, human life included, to reach their goals. Direction achieves realism. Excellent photography, good acting. **A, Y**

OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT (20th Century-Fox). Based on Bret Harte's story, this western plays up the extreme brutality of a sadistic safe blower. The "outcasts" are a strangely assorted quartet

who have been thrown out of a mining town during a clean-up campaign. All find refuge in an isolated mountain cabin. During a violent snowstorm, their true natures are revealed. The story and direction produce action that is rough and brutal but honest in its depiction of people and circumstances. Good characterizations, impressive settings in huge snowdrifts and mountain vastness. **A**

(★) **MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL** (Classic). The film version of T. S. Eliot's classic play which memorializes the murder of Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, seems even more impressive than the stage presentation. The camera not only records action but pauses on faces and settings in an arresting manner to achieve visual artistry. The medieval atmosphere is achieved through the features and costumes of the actors chosen, gaunt settings of stone, tapestry, cathedral, manorial hall and peasant cottage. Through it all, simple music em-

phasizes the beauty of the perfect use of the human voice. A film like this does not come our way often. It will gratify the good taste of the literate public. **A, Y**

THE ATOMIC CITY (Paramount). The problems and dangers met by those who work on atomic projects are brought out in this suspenseful drama. The son of a nuclear physicist is kidnapped, the ransom to be paid in secret atomic information. Dilemma: is the boy's life more valuable than the information? Family affection as well as the larger loyalty to nation and humanity are weighed. Work of the F.B.I. is shown to be efficient, police aid adequate. The turmoil in the minds of those connected with an atomic project created for destructive purposes is well expressed by the boy who considers what he will do, "if" he grows up. **A, Y**

YOUNG MAN WITH IDEAS (MGM). This film attempts to say that a man must have his wife's confidence and respect to be successful. A tongue-tied young lawyer who lacks self-confidence is urged by his wife to demand promotion from his employers. He loses his position and goes West to establish his family more favorably. The husband extricates himself from difficult situations while striving to overcome a feeling of inferiority and to achieve independence and security. Two

Film Reviews and Ratings by the
**PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE
COUNCIL**

unnecessary scenes of inebriety planned for humor are unpleasant. Settings are varied, acting is fair. **A, Y**

WAIT 'TIL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE (20th Century-Fox). A nostalgic story of joy and tragedy, love and hate, loyalty and betrayal. The occasion is the 50th anniversary of a Midwestern community, at which the town barber reviews its history and his own life. David Wayne, who ages expertly, is a lovable character who elicits, in turn, sympathy for his uprightness and some disapproval for the high-handed way in which he manages his family affairs. Several melodramatic episodes seem overdone. **A, Y**

THE LION AND THE HORSE (Warners). An exciting western revolving around a wild stallion and the cowboy who was courageous and gentle enough to tame him after saving him from mistreatment by a cruel owner. Glimpses of pleasant ranch life, suspense episodes showing the rounding up and taming of wild horses, a fight between an escaped circus lion and a horse, many other adventures, all contribute to the entertainment. **F**

SKIRTS AHOY! (MGM). A musical with fun and catchy tunes. Three girls enlist in the Navy to get over disappointments in love. Their boot training, romances and final success as WAVES provide a lively story. Esther Williams and two clever youngsters contribute a few swimming sequences. The WAVES' training background, drilling and activities are informative. Technicolor adds to the film's attraction. **F**

LYDIA BAILEY (20th Century-Fox). Episodes from Kenneth Roberts' semi-historical novel form the basis of this romantic adventure film. The action takes place on Haiti at the beginning of the 19th century during the armed revolt led against the French by Toussaint l'Ouverture. Technicolor photography of Caribbean settings is excellent. The theme—struggle for liberty—is challenging, but this film never makes the most of it. **A**

THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (Luis Bunuel; Arthur Mayer, Edward Kingstley). The tragic story of a group of children under the sway of a psychotic leader, in the slums of Mexico City, showing the inevitable consequences of poverty, ignorance, parental rejection, social neglect. Shattering in its implications, stark in its realism, sordid and humorless. Valuable as a disturbing report on a situation which requires concern and a remedy. Superlatively directed and acted. Excellent photography. **A**

WHEN IN ROME (MGM). A curious tale about two men who make a pilgrimage to Rome during the 1950 "Holy Year" observance. One is a priest, the other an escaped convict—the criminal taking the identity of the cleric to escape police on arrival. A strange turn of events leads the priest to aid and abet the fugitive when he hides behind the cloak of the Church. A puzzling conception of justice is put forth; on several occasions superstition

and religion are confused; a garbled interpretation of ethics is assumed. While some views of Genoa and Rome may appeal, and although the atmosphere of religious festivity is achieved, the story and its treatment are not credible. **A**

PAULA (Columbia). A revealing study in emotional reactions and personal adjustments. A young woman does not report an automobile accident which caused injury to an orphan boy, because she fears to bring unpleasantness to her husband. Distracted over this mishap, heartbroken by her own childless state, she follows a wise doctor's suggestion that she care for sick children as a "gray lady." Situations are worked out satisfactorily, a possible neurosis is prevented, an orphan finds a home. Well-directed, well-acted. **A**

THE CAPTIVE CITY (United Artists). This drama presents the now familiar and sorry tale of corruption reaching to high places in a city's government with racketeers' tentacles touching in some way every citizen's life. The film shows the dangers to be met and the courage required by any group or individual with a crusading spirit. On the whole, a capable reporting job. Suspense is maintained without too-harrowing details. Good social values except for an intimation that drinking boosts courage. **A, Y**

THE NARROW MARGIN (RKO). The widow of a slain gangster travels westward to testify at a grand jury investigation of police bribery. Criminals follow her and murder, torture and suspense ensue. Hide-and-seek between detective, pursuers and their quarry on a train keep up a lively pace until the very end. Fairly well-acted, holds interest. **A, Y**

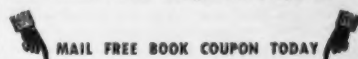
MARA MARU (Warners). An adventure treatment of a million-dollar treasure sunk with a P. T. boat in the China Sea during the evacuation of Manila. Several factions are interested in the salvage. Much fighting, drinking and brawling raise the point: how many times can a man be beaten and stay on his feet? Confusion pervades action and values. Although some underwater scenes are excellent and a tropical jungle in a storm is interesting, the script is so poor that nothing can redeem the picture. **A**

MUTINY (King Bros.; United Artists). A synthetic action picture showing the adventures of a decent man among "cut-throat" thieves on the high seas during the War of 1812. There is no sparkle in the acting, though Technicolor adds beauty and the musical score is stirring. The one bright spot is the "submersible" used in attacking another ship—a fore-runner of the submarine. **A, Y**

BARBED WIRE (Columbia). A one-armed former Army major uses a quarrel between homesteaders and cattlemen to further his own interests in the building of a railroad. Then Gene Autry and Champion come to the rescue. A worn-out plot with the only suspense provided by fighting episodes. Good singing by a trio of cowboys. **F**

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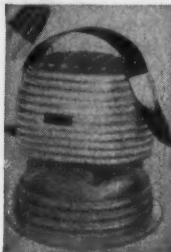
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THE BOY FROM WILLETSBURG

(Continued from page 59)

day. They want me to come. A thousand dollars more than here. That's a lot of money for a teacher who is new in the business."

She didn't answer. Not at once. Then, without looking up, she said, "Are you going to accept?"

"I don't see how I can pass it up, Marion. It's what we need, you and I."

"What we need?" she asked.

"Why, yes. We can be married very soon, vacation on the way, and probably spend the rest of the summer looking for a house. And—"

"You have it well planned, Jim."

"Yes, I guess I have. But isn't that the way you want it, all planned out?"

"I like planning, Jim. But I think we'd better plan for a while longer." The afternoon sun caught up glints in her hair.

"Marion," Jim said. "What is all this? I thought we—"

She looked up then squarely into his eyes. "I suppose I know what goes on inside you better than anyone else, Jim. But I must have missed some things. It would be easier for us with your making more money, but there's more to it than that. More to life than that, Jim."

He winced. But Marion didn't stop.

"If you were new here, it would be different. If you were a wanderer, it would be different too. Then you could go on, leaping from one salary bracket to another. You might gain prestige and fame. Who knows? But then one day you might sit down and ask yourself, 'But where's my home?'"

She stopped then, and Jim could see the tears welling up in the intense blue eyes. They were both silent, and suddenly Jim didn't want to fish any longer. People just had to be practical. This was a golden age for teachers who took advantage of it.

"I must get home, Jim. Do you mind?" Her voice was almost impersonal, and the pinch hit him hard.

It was dusk when Jim slid out of the backyard hammock. Lying there thinking, he must have fallen asleep. He walked into the kitchen to construct a mountainous sandwich for a snack, although he wasn't really hungry. He had thought everything over very carefully lying in the hammock, but his mind was made up. A person had to be practical, and some day Marion would see it that way. In the morning he would write to the Marshall school.

The sandwich was tasty enough, but he didn't enjoy it. Finally he rose heavily from the table and wandered out to the front lawn. The Johnson porch was deserted. His hands in his pockets, he walked slowly down the flagstone path, kicked open the gate

and headed down the dark street, going nowhere in particular.

Several blocks on, he automatically turned up the broad walk of the high school. Force of habit, he thought, walking on until he came to the big maple. The sidewalk was a bright ribbon in the moonlight, and his eyes followed it up to the door of the dark building. His mind leaped backward, and he could hear his mother saying, "There will be a way, Jim. . . ." And then he could see Mr. Riley on the platform, awarding scholarships.

Then, suddenly, he was wandering down the street again. On the next corner stood the little brick church. Almost covered with vines now. Vines older than he. It was his church, his since before he could remember. Standing there on the corner, he saw someone approaching. It was Mr. and Mrs. Riley.

"Well, good evening, Jim," Hank Riley said.

"Hello," Jim answered, trying to smile. He wished they hadn't come along.

"Out for a stroll?" Mrs. Riley asked pleasantly. "It's nice out this evening."

"Just taking a little walk," Jim replied, and they passed on. The Rileys! It could have been anybody walking past, but it had to be the Rileys.

JIM heard their footsteps fade, then sat down on the steps of the church. Suddenly he wanted to cry out at his own despair, his indecision. This was Willetsburg, his home! Here was life, the school that had taught him, the church where he had first known his God. And the people, his own. They had not been obligated to help his mother, to give him a scholarship and do the many things they had done. Yet he was planning to run out on them when they needed him. Needed him to help give their children the right slant on life, to guide the education of little Charlie Miller and the others into channels of clean, wholesome living and rational thinking. That was how they needed him, and suddenly that was what he wanted to do. More than anything else. It was all straight now. Somewhere along the line he must have lost track of what was important in life. That's what Marion had meant. But from now on, his job would be a pleasure the depth of which only he could know.

Jim stood up, and he felt supremely happy as his long strides ate up the blocks. The pinch in his stomach was gone now, and something told him Marion's porch would not be empty. Nor would the cottage, for long. Jim Thorne was home to stay. **THE END**

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HE PREACHES WITH A PEN

(Continued from page 26)

playing a tear sheet of the man taking his son to church.

Other notables who have sent penned pats on the back include Billy Graham, Eleanor Roosevelt and Senator Kefauver. Just recently he won second place in cartooning in the Freedom Foundation's 1952 national awards.

For many years Jack did not attempt to draw the face of Christ. "None of the drawings or paintings I had seen seemed to fit," he explains. "They were either too sad, too stern, too feminine, or too something else. I began to study diligently the life of Christ and came to the decision that He was probably the most handsome man in His day—a man with perfect physique and dynamic personality." Now ministers from all over write to say that Jack's drawings come closer to portraying what they think Christ should look like than any others they have seen.

The rapid-fire schedule Jack follows every week would be a shortcut to ulcers for most people, but he thrives on close deadlines. On Sunday he flies two hundred miles to Houston, where he has a religious TV show in the afternoon. Monday he confers with sponsors and rehearses for a commercial television show he stages Monday night. At midnight he flies home. Tuesday morning he searches for ideas for the next batch of cartoons, and in the afternoon teaches art classes at Baylor. Such a tight schedule continues all the week with Friday and Saturday devoted to the television shows and getting the cartoons ready for the mail.

Doris, his wife, works right with him. (He met her at a religious encampment several years ago.) He has part-time secretarial help, generally Baylor students. Daughter, Dawna, 3½, is already using crayons—sometimes on the living-room walls.

One of Jack's cartoon fans, meeting him for the first time, said afterward, "Why, he looks and talks like a successful salesman."

It's an apt description of the man. He is vigorous, has buoyant personality, enthusiasm — and sales ability. Last summer, when Jack boarded the week-day Houston plane, he sat beside an advertising man who had a chip on his shoulder toward TV. By the time the plane landed, Jack had done such a selling job that the ad man went with him to the studio, watched the show, and the next week bought a commercial on the program for a client.

Jack rather likes the idea of being tagged a salesman. "Sure, I'm a salesman! For Christ—the best Boss any salesman ever had. And He has the best 'product any salesman ever sold." END

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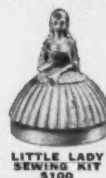
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- BACK TALK -



Tongue-Tied Protestants

TO THE EDITORS:

"Are 50 million Protestants tongue-tied?" (Let's Talk Our Faith, April '52). My answer is no. The number of fifty million proves that Protestants have been working all along and are still busy. However, they are not writers like Mr. Ellison who by his genius and all-out desire for fame and fortune now invades the realm of religion for more of the same . . . Protestantism always has spoken through consecrated Christians everywhere, the majority of whom lived and died in the community where they were born, who all their lives worked long and silently in Christian work and who by their Christian living set an example for others to follow.

Buskirk, N.Y. N. CLIFFORD COTRELL

. . . Mr. Ellison accuses "proper" churches of blushing at personal testimonies. As a religious education director who has worked in several large churches, I have noted that every year Layman's Sunday has been celebrated with a member of the local congregation presenting the address or sermon, and in at least two cases, professional men have volunteered. Perhaps his case of the New York church is not an isolated episode; but I am quite sure that it has not become the general rule as he would like to suggest.

Chico, Calif. ALLEN R. REESOR

. . . Let us live our faith, then perhaps more of us can talk it.

Attica, Kans. L. EARLE BROWN

UMT Vote

TO THE EDITORS:

In reply to Dr. Poling's editorial "Pastor, Have A Care!" (May '52), HOW did those pastors "deprive others of the right and opportunity to dissent"? In the first instance, were they compelled to stand to vote in favor? If they didn't stand, they certainly exercised their right to dissent. You state that a "large majority of that congregation did not write" in the second instance. Did they not exercise their right to dissent, thereby? In both instances, what could have been more expressive than to have walked out? Were doors locked?

Fairmont, W. Va. (MRS.) U. L. NUZUM

Easter Cover

TO THE EDITORS:

You must certainly have been hard up for a subject for your Easter number to substitute a choir girl—I suppose that is what it is intended to be—for the Risen Christ. I know pictures of the Risen Christ

are a chestnut to some people, but I did not think it had got so far as to exclude Easter pictures and scenes.

Munhall, Pa. W. H. WITT

. . . Am sorry the cover of the HERALD for April could not represent more of what Easter means.

Grand Forks, N.D. ETTA E. EVERSON

● We don't agree! We think Easter is a time for singing the most glorious story ever sung.

Lecherous Literature

TO THE EDITORS:

"Smut on Our Newsstands" (May '52) is thought-provoking, but has a purely negative emphasis. Is not the prevalence of such conditions and the short-lived character of the attempted reforms due to failure to devise emotionally satisfying substitutes?

Los Angeles, Cal. THEODORE B. DUFUR

. . . Mr. Kugelmass' article was excellent and contained most helpful suggestions.

Atlanta, Ga. JOE HARDING

. . . The subject is one which poses a very grave problem and one which deserves every consideration. Concern is certainly most understandable and should be shared by all of us.

Washington, D. C. ESTES KEFAUVER

. . . A very interesting and timely article. This trash is contributing very heavily to the moral breakdown of our schools.

Houston, Texas NORMAN L. HALL

. . . It is a bad state of affairs when men and women are growing rich turning out this vile literature.

South Pasadena, Calif.

GERTRUDE L. BABCOCK

"Believers" and Beer

TO THE EDITORS:

I was very much interested in the piece "Ed Murrow and His Believers" (May '52) but was disappointed to find that the program was sponsored by a brewing company, and that instead of "This I Believe" in the last five minutes there was just a long statement of the benefits of a certain brand of beer.

Tipton, Ind. LYDIA M. ROULS

● "This I Believe" is unsponsored, and is itself a five-minute program.

"Tax Fallacy"

TO THE EDITORS:

Some years ago the Treasury Department began granting a flat 10% deduction

in the computation of federal income taxes in lieu of actual contributions and gifts to churches, charitable institutions, etc. This was a severe blow to the churches; it gives the non-contributor the same advantage tax-wise as the person who is actually making contributions. The granting of the flat 10% deduction should be immediately discontinued, especially in view of the fact that the Federal Government is always asking for higher tax collections. The bonafide contributor should be allowed to deduct his donations up to the allowable percentage, but it is fallacy to allow a credit where no credit is due. Senators and Representatives should be notified to correct this inequality.

Marengo, Iowa R. R. SCHROEDER

Mrs. Aldrich's Books

TO THE EDITORS:

How glad I was to read the article "The Story Behind 'A Lantern in Her Hand'" by Bess Aldrich (March '52). Mrs. Aldrich has been my favorite author for years—and each new book of hers was welcomed with open arms, knowing that in the reading of it a real treat was in store. . . I've been concerned that no new book has appeared for a number of years—and I still keep on hoping that she will write "one more" at least.

Bellefontaine, O.

(MRS.) H. C. MARMON

Crossword Puzzles

TO THE EDITORS:

So many people like crossword puzzles and cryptograms and I was wishing you would include a page of them. If it is a Bible crossword with Bible references that makes it even more interesting.

Lebanon, Pa. (MRS.) FRANK SPANGLER

Courier Corner

TO THE EDITORS:

Commenting on Gabriel Courier's "Half-Fare" (April '52), it seems that when the average churchmember only "pulls half his weight" the minister is the one who suffers. Give the clergy an income in keeping with the income of others and he will be most willing and glad to take up his two halves of the load.

New Port Richey, Fla.

(REV.) GEORGE E. ANDREWS

. . . I wish to take exception to some things said in Gabriel Courier's article on UMT (March '52) about local co-operation. I do not seek to justify vice in any extent, but a scavenger usually finds what his appetite calls for. It comes back to the boy's parents and his home training. Neither the army officials, nor the local populace, can be expected to change this appetite.

Tacoma, Wash. FRANK W. P. CAMP

● Maybe they can't be expected to change it but they can be required not to exploit it!

. . . Will say that while I have not always found myself entirely in agreement with Mr. Courier, his reasoning is pretty sound, and he has as good a chance of being right as any of the readers.

Wilmore, Ky.

F. C. SOPER

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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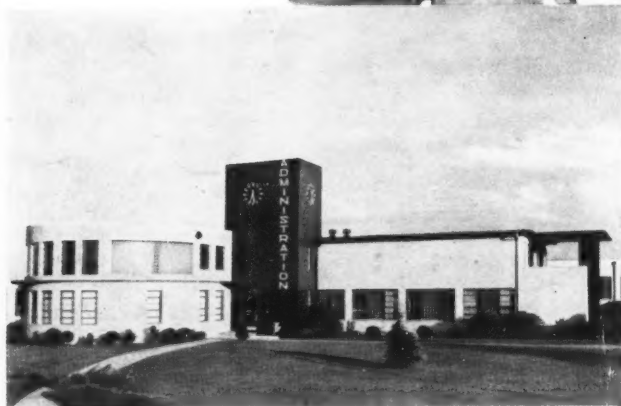
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